POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD · FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

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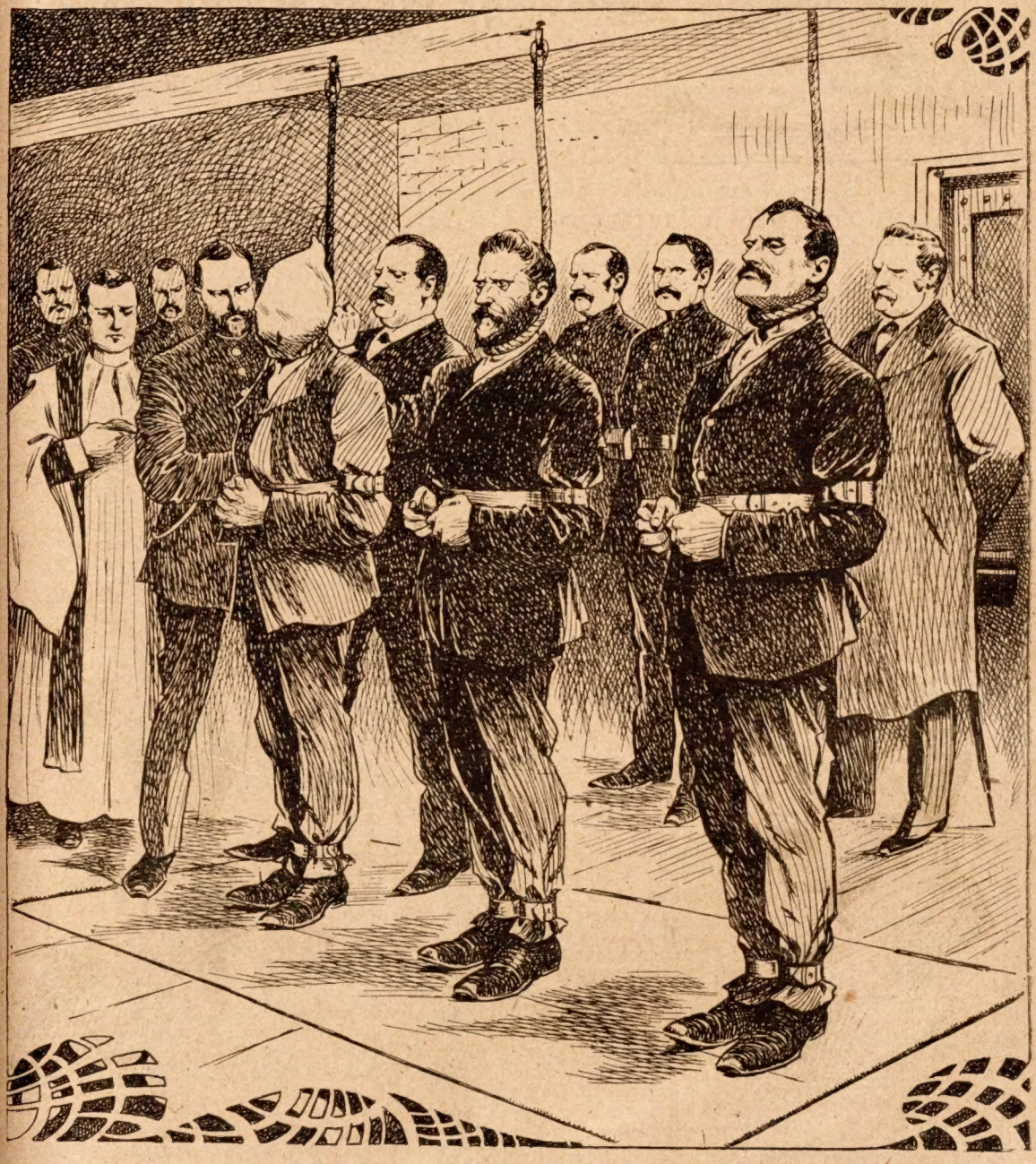


THE HANGING OF MILSOM, SEAMAN, AND FOWLER.

Vol. VI.—No. 78.

THE MUSWELL HILL MURDER

THE DRAMATIC SLAYING OF A MISER.

"Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds."
—JOHN WEBSTER, "The White Devil."

PART III.

THE TRIAL—THE FIGHT IN THE DOCK—SENTENCE AND EXECUTION.

IT was in the last week of May that the penultimate act in this terrible drama was played. The scene was the old court in the Old Bailey; grim and drab, with the glorious sunshine of a summer's day falling across the room, the old court was filled to overflowing by a breathlessly expectant crowd, who craned their necks to look at the prisoners whenever a particularly strong piece of evidence was elicited from the witnesses. The judge was Sir Henry Hawkins (now Lord Brampton), stern and just, and one of the finest criminal judges England has ever produced. It was almost his last week at the Old Bailey, and what a week it was! During those six days, Mrs. Dyer, old Seaman, and Milsom and Fowler were sentenced to death, two masked burglars received life sentences, and others were sent to penal servitude for very long terms. Truly it was a black assize!

When the Muswell Hill case was called, Fowler was the first to enter the dock. He walked heavily and wearily up the stone steps from the cells below, and was much thinner than he had appeared at Highgate. His clothes were shabby, and his whole appearance, with unkempt hair and straggling beard, was pitiable. Milsom was even worse, and had all the appearance of a terror-stricken man.

Fowler.

The preliminaries over, Mr. Gill, K.C., outlined the story of the murder as already given in these columns, and during his speech he referred to the fact that Fowler by tearing his overcoat into strips and forming a rope, had made a second attempt to commit suicide.

As is always the case at the Old Bailey, no time was cut to waste, and the evidence for the prosecution was given with almost bewildering rapidity. There was of course practically no defence, though Mr. Woodfall made a powerful speech on behalf of the prisoners.

Mr. Justice Hawkins having placed the facts before the jury, the "twelve good men and true" retired to consider their verdict. The judge also retired from the court, and the people commenced to gossip and gaze at the prisoners, who, contrary to usual custom, had not been removed from the dock. And then, without the slightest warning, occurred one of the wildest and most terrible scenes ever witnessed in a court of law. Fowler, who had posed as a Samson at local shows, made a terrific onslaught on his cringing confederate.

The two men had sat in the dock all the morning, a constable of herculean stature between them. All the while there was nothing in Fowler's demeanour to indicate any extraordinary development. On the contrary, while Milsom had worn a haggard and nervous aspect, following every incident with painful intensity, Fowler had sat unmoved, with head aloft, and wearing a smile of intense self-satisfaction. Counsel's addresses moved him not, neither did the damning summing-up of the judge. Milsom occasionally glanced furtively in his direction; but, so far as could be seen, Fowler paid him not the least attention. Until the very moment of the attack he entirely ignored his presence. This studied disregard of the man for whom he had previously expressed a deadly hate should have put his gaolers on their guard; but it did not. It seemed to have answered Fowler's evident object and to have disarmed suspicion. As the judge and jury left the court a hum of conversation arose. People moved in their seats to relieve the strain on their cramped muscles; the burly constable sitting between the murderers rose to stretch himself.

Milsom.

Fowler's visage a moment beforehand would have

done credit to a sphynx, but in an instant it underwent a marvellous change. His eyes seemed to jump out of their sockets, his face assumed the expression of a devil, and, with teeth clenched and hands outstretched, he leaped like a savage beast at the throat of his accomplice.

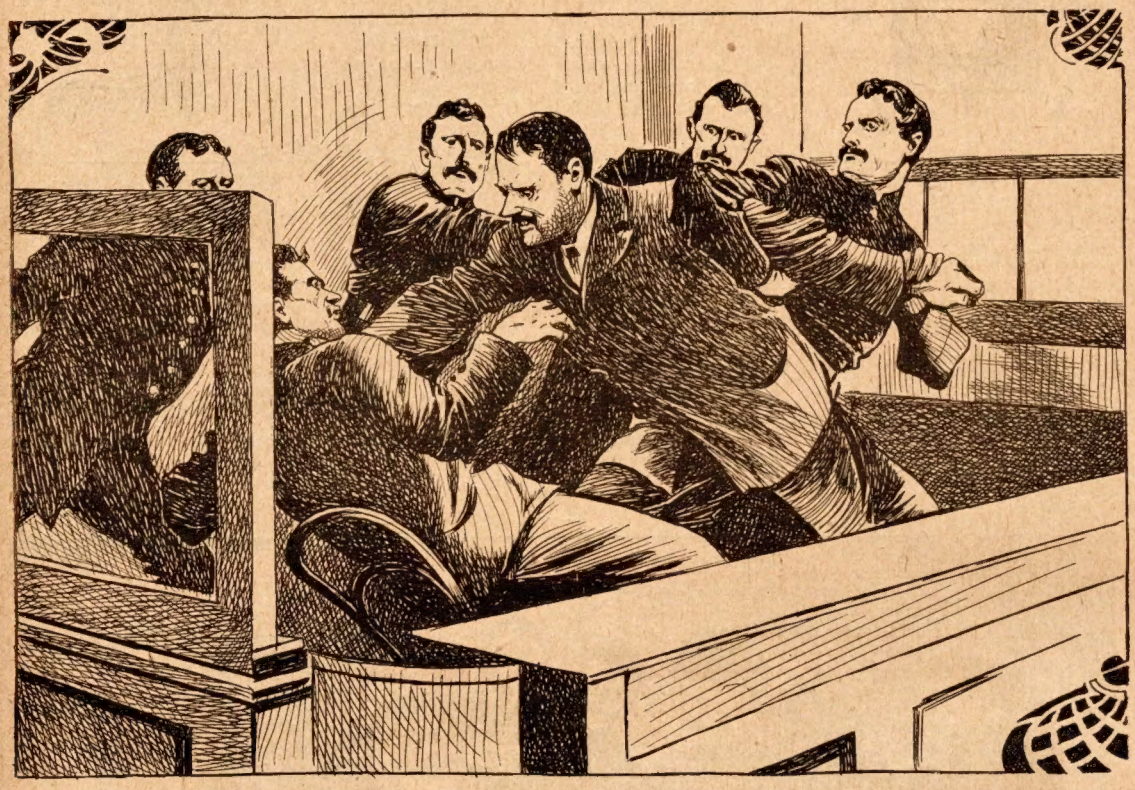
A second later, and Milsom's neck would have been torn to shreds, but at this instant the gaoler turned, and with wonderful quickness and presence of mind, hooked Fowler's left arm in his own. Fowler's right hand was already on Milsom's throat, but he was almost powerless without the help of the imprisoned arm to do his deadly work.

Milsom, who at this time looked for all the world like a drowned rat, sank to the floor of the dock, with a piteous cry. He seemed totally unable to defend himself. Fowler threw himself upon his prostrate body, dragging the gaoler with him.

stairs. Once safely under lock and key, and the danger was passed. Milsom was living to be hanged.

Fowler saw him escape, and he appeared to become more enraged, and to redouble his attempts to get at him. By a tremendous effort, he regained his feet. Striking out right and left, he smashed some more glass panels, and for a moment or two it seemed as though he would escape from the dock and run amok amongst the feverishly excited spectators. With eight or nine warders and policemen clinging to him, he rushed from end to end of the dock—some eight or nine feet in width. Then the officers got him on the floor again. They held him, and thought they had conquered; but again he was up, lifting his opponents bodily.

Again the struggle was renewed. Once it looked as if Fowler would win, and would pitch his antagonists into the body of the court; but the force against him overwhelmed him, and even his gigantic strength gave way



LEAPT LIKE A SAVAGE BEAST AT THE THROAT OF HIS ACCOMPLICE.

Then ensued a terrific struggle. The chairs in the dock snapped like matchwood. Hither and thither rolled the struggling men, all too intent upon the combat to waste breath in speaking. The crowd in court looked on with bated breath and quickly beating hearts, for the excitement was intense.

Other warders and policemen joined in the Titanic combat. Smash! and the glass at the side of the dock was splintered to atoms.

It was a grim struggle for life and death; grim—horribly grim—for not a sound except laboured breathing came from the combatants. Some policemen climbed over the six-foot front of the dock, and joined in the fray.

Fowler seemed to be possessed of the strength of a dozen men. With half a dozen warders clinging to him, he fought his way about the dock like a madman, ever with his eyes upon Milsom. A few of the warders dragged the trembling coward out of the dock and down the

under the strain. At last numbers prevailed, and whilst Fowler was held on the floor he was, after great difficulty, handcuffed. Then he was taken to the cells.

How terrible was the struggle and how great the strength of Fowler may best be judged from the fact that from first to last the fight lasted for over twelve minutes, and most of the time it was at least ten men against one. The severity of the struggle was shown by the torn clothes and the bruised and breathless aspect of the gaolers.

Once overpowered, Fowler was submissive enough. He went down to the cells without a struggle, contenting himself with cursing his fellow-prisoner. "I don't mind going to the scaffold," he said, "I know I've killed a man, and I'll have to do for it; but to be 'done in' by that——" Then followed a hurricane of fierce oaths, conveying Fowler's contempt for the "pal" who had "peached."

A few minutes passed, and then the jury slowly filed back into their box. The judge returned, and the prisoners

were ushered into the dock. They both were pale and agitated—Fowler defiant, Milsom terror-stricken. Not a word was mentioned about the struggle. The clerk of the court called for silence, and then put the customary question to the foreman of the jury, who announced that prisoners had been found guilty.

Miller.

Then the clerk turned to the prisoners. Had they anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon them? Milsom was the first addressed, and he protested his innocence. Fowler, with a sneering laugh, mimicked his companion, and also declared that he had nothing to do with the murder.

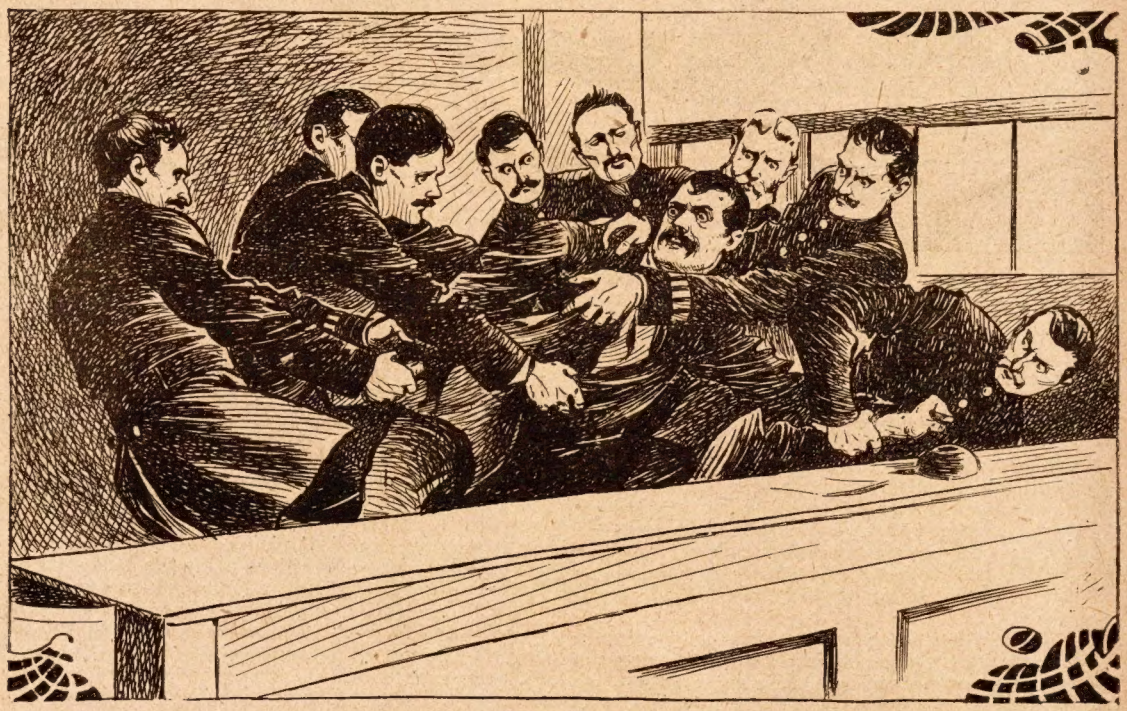
And then all was quickly over. The "black cap" was placed upon the judge's wig, and the terribly solemn death sentence was passed in the usual form. All that Mr. Justice Hawkins added was that he could hold out no hope of pardon in this world. He recommended them to seek Divine mercy. A deep "Amen" followed the sentence.

Then came another startling incident. Fowler attempted to address the judge and commenced to make a confession that he had committed a burglary at Lewisham, for which two men named Watts and Hall were subsequently sentenced, but he was prevented from doing so, and was removed to the cells below whither Milsom had preceded him.

Fowler subsequently made the confession, but it was quite clear that there was no truth in it. There was more truth in the following statement of the Muswell Hill murder, which he also made:

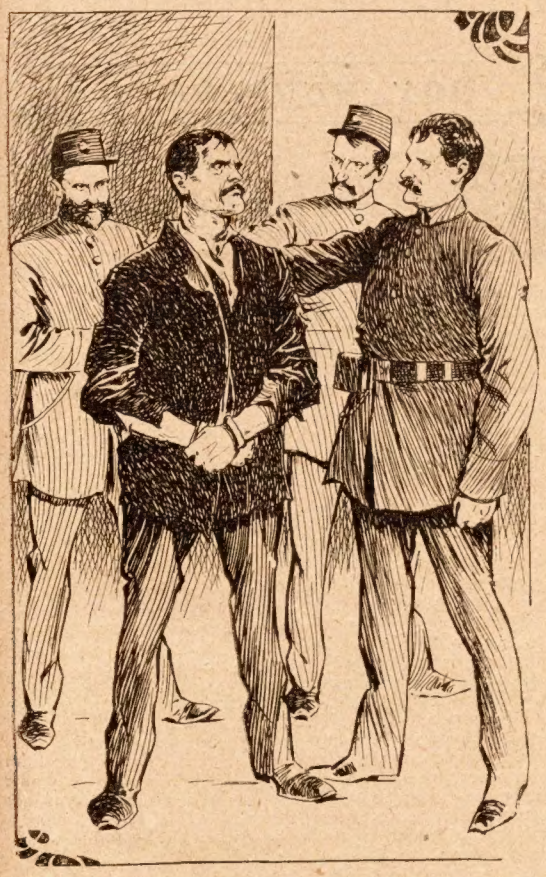
Mr. Frayling, of the Treasury.

"I met Milsom a fortnight before this happened. He had done a lot of time—two five years for burglary, and eighteen months. I have had two terms of five years, but never for any crime of violence, except six weeks for assault. I had not seen Milsom for years, but I met him on a bridge near Kensal Town. I used to have to get a lodging where I could. Milsom lived with his wife. I am thirty-one, and bred and born at Kensal Town. There was a third man 'who put the job up,' but I would never mention his name. He did not get a farthing out of it. We expected to find three or four thousand pounds in the safe, as I was told he was an old miser. The burglary was committed before eleven o'clock. We took the train from Kilburn to a station that I believe was East Finchley, and had a drink at a public-house opposite the cemetery. Then we went straight up to the tradesmen's gate of the old man's house, and went over the gate. We were careful of the wire on the corner of the lawn, as we were told that there were guns which go off if touched. We hid



IT WAS A GRIM STRUGGLE FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

ourselves in a flower-bed for half an hour or nearly an hour. Milsom then crept out on his hands and knees, and said to me, 'I don't see no lights here. We had



"I don't mind going to the scaffold," he said.

better get to work.' With that I started trying the drawing-room window. I struck a light, and found it shuttered, and after that the scullery window, and then the kitchen window. Then he gets the chisel and puts it under the window and forced it, and we both got in after Milsom had shifted it. We tried the door of the kitchen, and found it locked from the outside. Milsom said, 'There's somebody about,' so we hid in the scullery. The old man came down in his nightshirt, with a lamp in his hand. Milsom had the big jemmy in his hand, and I had the brace and bit. Milsom made a rush at the old man and knocked him down. I started tying him down with the tablecloth. Milsom said to the old man, 'Give me your money!' He said, 'How much do you want?' Milsom said, 'All.' The old man made no reply to that. Milsom then turned to me and said, 'Give me your revolver and I'll blow his brains out.' He struck him on the head, the old man struggling all the time to get on to his feet. We took the keys from his pocket, and went upstairs and opened the safe. There was a gold chronometer watch in the safe, but Milsom said, 'We won't take nothing that they can track.' I admit I tied the old man, but I struck no blow and had no revolver. Then we came downstairs and crept into the flower-bed, where we hid for half an hour and buried the 'sticks' (that is the burglary instruments) and then sat in Highgate Woods until the police went off duty at six o'clock. I gave Milsom £53. I am very grateful to my 'mouthpiece' (Mr. Harry Lewis, Fowler's solicitor). He is the best one I ever had. I would never have done this job if I had thought there was murder in it. I never killed the old man."

Both Milsom and Fowler were old criminals. Milsom was sent to an industrial school for six years in 1874, in 1879 he received nine months for burglary, in 1882 eighteen months for a similar offence—both at the Old Bailey—in 1884 twelve months for theft, and in 1888 five years' penal servitude for theft, both these terms being imposed at Middlesex Sessions.

Fowler, after several minor sentences of assault, served six months for theft (1883), twelve months for theft (1884), five years' penal (1886), and five years' penal, to be followed by four years' police supervision (1891). This last term of penal servitude expired just a month before the murder was committed.

A TRIPLE EXECUTION.

June 9 was fixed upon as the date of the execution of Milsom and Fowler and Seaman, who had been convicted of a double murder in Whitechapel. During the interval between the trial and the day of death everyone talked of the affair, and wondered how Fowler would carry himself on the scaffold.

The prison authorities took extraordinary precautions to keep the two men apart. They were kept in far apart wings of the prison, exercised in separate yards, and at different times, and even in chapel Milsom sat concealed in a gallery, whilst Fowler also, and as is usual, behind curtains, occupied a seat on the ground floor.

It had been many years since a triple execution had taken place at Newgate, and as a consequence, a great crowd thronged the precincts of Old Newgate on the appointed morning.

Fortunately, the execution passed off without a hitch.

He could hold out no hope of pardon.

Billington, the hangman, was assisted by Wilkinson, and on the previous day both "tried" the scaffold and put everything in order for the tragedy of the morning.

All three convicts rose early, and ate fair breakfasts. Soon after eight o'clock the chaplain arrived, and saw the men in their cells. He found them all sitting waiting for him, wearing the clothes in which they had been sentenced. All three were resigned to their fate. Seaman was in a distinctly devout and reverential condition. He was the only one who prayed aloud when he was led out to execution, and his last words, "Lord, receive my spirit," were audible to all around.

Fowler was the first to receive Billington's attentions. He was first pinioned (both the arms being strapped to his sides and his hands tied behind his back), and first sent to the scaffold, with a guard of attendant warders, who were ordered to watch his movements closely. It was quite clear, however, that vindictiveness no longer possessed him. He was calm and pale and submissive.

Fowler attempted to address the judge.

A minute later, Seaman, also pinioned, was on his way to the scaffold, praying fervently at every step; and then, after another brief interval, came Milsom, broken down and unnerved.

As he reached the scaffold shed he cast one brief look round, and actually seemed relieved when he found that he was not to be placed alongside Fowler.

The chaplain was chanting the beautiful and touching service for the burial of the dead when, with rapid steps, Billington, following on the heels of Milsom, entered the execution shed. The men were placed with their toes against three chalk lines, Fowler on the left, Seaman in the middle, and Milsom on the right.

With deft fingers, Billington completed the pinioning process by fastening straps round the legs of the three convicts. Then over their heads three white caps were drawn, the three ropes were adjusted, and all was ready for the fatal moment.

At an almost imperceptible signal from the sheriff, Billington pulled over the lever, and the three men disappeared in the pit—all three launched into eternity in the space of a second.

For a moment a strange, terrible hush fell upon the scene, a pause that seemed to mark the narrow dividing-line between life and death.

And then the shuffling of feet broke the spell, and all was over.

A few hours later the three men were buried in the murderers' graveyard inside the prison—a graveyard which has now ceased to exist.

BOY MURDERERS.

THE case of the well-educated youth of fifteen recently charged with the murder of his mother at Meldreth, near Cambridge, recalls a crime, the motive for which was more sordid and the perpetrator more callous. In the first-named instance the matricide admits that he fired the fatal shot at the mother who bore him, and urges in extenuation of the terrible crime that the drunken habits of the victim, which had resulted in making the home a hell upon earth, had goaded him to its commission. Following so closely upon the case in which a Birmingham lad was arraigned on the charge of fatally stabbing his mother, it would seem to indicate that we are entering upon a cycle of matricidal mania.

One of the most revolting of all the stories of mother-murder of recent years was that for which Robert Coombes, a thirteen-year-old lad, stood his trial in 1895. Robert and his brother, a year younger than himself, lived with his mother in a small house in Plaistow. Both boys, who were the sons of a ship's steward, indulged a passion for the penny-dreadful class of literature, and frequently embarked upon expeditions of the wildest character.

Robert conceived the hideous idea of doing his mother to death and then robbing her of all the money she possessed. In order to carry out his fell purpose he purchased a formidable dagger-knife. He confessed that, after consulting his younger brother, he stole into his mother's bedroom, and slew her as she lay asleep. The precocious miscreants then proceeded to annex all the money they could lay their hands on. This done, they sallied forth to spend it in riotous living. They returned daily from their excursions, and ate and drank and enjoyed themselves generally at the scene of the unnatural crime. So stealthily had Robert gone to work and so well was the secret kept that the murder was not discovered until several days after its commission, although there was a lodger living in the house. The father of the young villains was at sea at the time.

The evidence adduced at the trial proved that the boy-murderer was insane, and he was committed to the Broadmoor criminal lunatic asylum. Whilst he was in gaol he penned some remarkable missives, in the course of which he vowed that if the authorities did not hang him he would take his own life. He drafted a most fantastic will, in which he bequeathed £60,000 to his father and £300 to each of the warders of the prison in which he was confined. The younger lad denied that he had anything to do with the murder. Nevertheless, he did not scruple to share the spoil, for the sake of which the heinous crime was committed.

The Hanging Judge.

THE following little anecdote recalls the severity of old English laws. There was a certain judge on an Irish circuit who was known by the name of the "Hanging Judge," on account of his severity. This same judge once had a little pass of wit with Mr. Curran, the famous Irish advocate, at the dinner-table.

"Pray, Mr. Curran," said the judge, "is that hung beef beside you? If it is, I will try it."

"If you try it, my lord," replied Mr. Curran, "it is sure to be hung."

Murder by a Peer.

LORD STOURTON was, in the year 1556, tried at Westminster Hall for the murder of a Mr. Hartgyl and his son under very aggravated circumstances. The commission for trying him was directed to the judges and some of the privy council. At first his lordship refused to plead, but the Chief Justice informed him that if he persisted in his refusal his rank should not excuse him from being pressed to death—the punishment known then as "peine forte et dure." Upon this he confessed the fact, and was hanged in a silken halter at Salisbury. His monument was afterwards erected in the cathedral of that city, with the silken halter hanging over it. This case is one of the very few occasions when a peer of the realm was hanged for murder.

A Murderer's Leap.

The Story of Seaman's Double Crime in Whitechapel.

HIGH noon on a bright spring Saturday—April 4, 1896. Whitechapel teems with busy life. The Gentile, for all that it is the Saturday before Easter, is busy for the most part with his every-day work, whilst some few are enjoying a holiday. The Jew is keeping the feast of the Passover. The hum of strenuous life fills the air, every street throngs with people, every house save one gives signs of life.

The exception is known as 31, Varden Street, and stands at the corner of that thoroughfare and of Turner Street. Down the street comes a boy of twelve, with a message for the people in No. 31. His sharp rap at the door brings no response, and an even more impatient knock remains unanswered. The boy goes on his way, and another takes his place. Still the door remains closed. Then a lady, Mrs. Martha Lawton, climbs the steps of the three-storeyed house, and her rat-a-tat-tat several times repeated attracts the attention of the neighbours, but fails to arouse the inmates of No. 31. Mrs. Lawton stands perplexed for the moment. John Goodman Levy, an old man of 77, who is her cousin, is the occupier of the house, and she has come to dine with him. The silence of the house alarms her, and fearing—what she knows not—she goes next door, to No. 29, to make an inquiry of William Schaffer, a tailor, who then lived there. She asks his assistance, and Schaffer, taking a pair of steps into his garden, places them against the partition wall, mounts and looks into one of the windows of No. 31.

Immediately an exclamation of astonishment escapes from him. Through the windows of Levy's house he sees a man moving about in the corridor, "doing something with his hands." The stranger is wearing a brown cap and black beard, and looks a burly ruffian. "What are you doing there?" shouts Schaffer, and the man "bobs" down out of sight. Schaffer remains at his post of observation, and in a few minutes the man reappears. Again the looker-on shouts his question, and once more the man disappears.

Schaffer quickly takes action. Placing someone at the front door of No. 31 to keep watch, he himself goes into Varden Street, only to see the stranger peeping over the wall abutting on the thoroughfare. For the third time the man hurries away, and now Schaffer sends for the police. A couple of officers hurry to the scene, pass through Schaffer's house and over the wall into the back of No. 31. Meanwhile the tailor takes up his position at the front door of Levy's residence to await events.

For a moment nothing more than a burglary enters the minds of the actors in the little drama. Soon, however, they are horror-stricken.

The policemen quickly enter by the back door of Levy's house, and start back in amazement at the sight which meets their inquiring gaze. Huddled up on the floor of the passage, and in a crouching position, is the body of the poor old, harmless man, drenched with blood, which has flowed from a fearful wound in his throat. The constables quietly examined the body, and, finding that Mr. Levy was quite dead, proceeded to search the house.

From room to room they went, until at last they came to an apartment at the top of the house, the bedroom of Annie Sarah Gale, a married woman, 35 years of age, who acted as housekeeper for Mr. Levy.

Here another shock awaited them. Lying on the floor by the side of the bedstead was the dead body of the woman. All round were signs of a desperate struggle having taken place. Pieces of furniture were overturned, the woman's clothes were torn and disarranged, blood was bespattered all over the place, and on the woman's head was a ghastly wound. Her skull had been smashed in with a hammer.

The sickening spectacle almost overcame the constables, but duty had to be done, and, whilst one hurried away to report the terrible discoveries at Arbour Square police-station the second remained on guard at the foot of the stairs.

Like a flash the news of the dreadful crime spread over the neighbourhood. "There's a murder in Varden Street!" was the cry, and in less time than it takes to write a large crowd were pushing and jostling round the house, craning their necks to get a glimpse of anything connected with the affair.

Some scanned the house from top to bottom, and just as a couple of additional policemen came on the scene a loud cry went up.

"There's a man on the roof!" was shouted by a hundred throats, and the hurrying constables, looking up, saw the back of a man above the low parapet which ran along the front of Levy's house. Two policemen ran into the house, and, rushing up the stairs, reached the room where Mrs. Gale's body had been found and was still lying. There they saw a hole in the ceiling large enough to allow a man to pass through. In the shock and excitement of the finding of the murdered woman's body a few minutes earlier the hole had not been noticed. Now it was recognised as the road by which the murderer had commenced his escape.

The policemen were quick to act. One of them named Richardson stripped off his tunic and belt and, hoisted by his comrade, Wensley, dragged himself through the hole, to find himself in the utter darkness which prevailed between the slates and the ceiling of the bedroom. Crawling gingerly but quickly along the rafters, Richardson at last managed to reach the roof. As he emerged into the daylight he caught sight of the murderer about fifteen feet away. The desperate ruffian was in the gutter between the gables of the house, walking slowly to the parapet. Hearing a noise behind him, he turned, saw the policeman, and stood for a moment or two meditating apparently upon his course of action. Richardson never waited for an instant. With commendable pluck, he pulled himself on to the roof and commenced to crawl towards the murderer. Then the man moved, and, as a warning to Wensley, who was following, Richardson called, "Look out, he's going!" The murderer quickened his pace, but Wensley must also have moved rapidly—indeed, in headlong fashion—for but few seconds elapsed before he was once more in the street.

The murderer turned like a beast at bay. Then, placing one hand on the parapet, he lightly vaulted over, and fell with a thud to the pavement below, dropping almost at Wensley's feet, and striking a little girl, who was injured.

Wensley, with other officers, picked him up and, with great difficulty, got him into the house. The crowd closed in, and for a short space of time appeared as if they would take the law into their own hands. Cries of "Lynch him!"—a strange sound in a London street—were raised, but the policemen thrust the people back, and safely conveyed the murderer into the house from which he had made such a sensational exit.

Up on the roof Richardson had been collecting a number of articles, including a hammer, the head of which, covered with plaster, had been broken away from the handle, a shilling, some coppers, and a sovereign purse. The hammer had evidently been used to break the hole in the ceiling, which gave access to the roof. Coming downstairs, the officer found a blood-stained knife, stamped "Green River knife." A cap, with a woman's hat-pin stuck through it, was also found on the roof.

The man was, of course, terribly injured, and as quickly as possible he was taken to the London Hospital, which is close at hand. There he was divested of his clothing, all of which was taken possession of by the police, and attended to by the house-surgeons, who found that one thigh and one arm were fractured, and that there were extensive injuries to the head. After the doctors had finished dressing the injuries, the man, almost swathed in bandages, was placed in bed in the padded room, and there he lay, watched night and day by the police in couples, until he recovered sufficiently to appear before the magistrate at the police-court.

When his clothes were searched a number of articles of jewellery, identified as the property of the murdered people, were found in the pockets.

It was some time before the identity of the murderer was

fully established. At first he was recognised by a Mrs. Bowater, who lived at Millwall, as a man named William Saunders, who for about nine months had been lodging at her house. She had known him, she told the coroner at the inquest, for about eighteen years, but for nine years she had seen nothing of him, and believed from a statement which he had made that he had been in the Pacific. The police, however, were soon able to give the man's record, and a terrible one it was. Detective-Inspector Stephen White, on visiting "Saunders" at the hospital, recognised in him a notorious burglar and ex-convict, a man who had served several long terms of imprisonment. It was discovered that even at the time of the murders the man was on "ticket-of-leave." He proved to be a man named William Seaman, and his first conviction of note occurred on October 24, 1870. On that date at the Old Bailey he was found guilty of a burglary of such a desperate nature that the judge sent him to penal servitude for seven years. He was released from the convict establishment in 1876, and in December of the same year he once more stood in the dock

has written his experiences of convict life, states that whilst working in the quarries Seaman was often heard talking to himself, planning to murder a certain "fence" (receiver of stolen property) when he had served his sentence.

Seaman, however, seems to have forgotten the "fence" in his desire to commit burglaries, for the victims he selected were a poor old man, nearly deaf, and crippled in both hands, and a middle-aged woman.

After he left prison Seaman, with his story of having spent some years in the Pacific Ocean, took up his residence in the house of Mrs. Bowater, at Millwall. Here it was that he matured his criminal plans, and from the house he stole the tools, a chisel, a coke hammer, and a knife, which he carried with him on the fatal morning.

Only the brief story of the murders was told at the inquest. It was stated that poor old Levy had four terrible wounds in the throat, crushed ribs, and a blow on the head, whilst the woman's head was battered in, the injury having been caused by the hammer. A verdict of "Wilful Murder" against William Seaman, alias William Saunders,

THE MURDERER TURNED LIKE A BEAST AT BAY.

at the Old Bailey, and received a sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude, to be followed by seven years' police supervision. This conviction was for a burglary in Whitechapel, the crime in 1870 having been committed in Stoke Newington. Seaman was then known as William King, and probably this was his right name. On regaining his liberty towards the end of 1887 Seaman at once plunged into crime, but it was some months before the police captured him. Then he was arrested for a dastardly outrage. He walked into a chemist's shop in Whitechapel and asked for the loan of a hammer. The chemist, not suspecting his customer to be the desperate ruffian he was, promptly acceded to the request, and immediately received a smashing blow on the head with it. His object, of course, was robbery, but his plans went astray. He was arrested and sentenced to another term of penal servitude—seven years—whilst his "licence" was revoked. This meant that he would have to serve a term of over three years, the remitted portion of his previous sentence.

Most of this sentence Seaman, for that was the name he was convicted under, served in Dartmoor Prison, and one of his fellow-convicts, who has since been set at liberty and

was returned, and the murderer was, of course, committed for trial on the coroner's warrant.

A month passed before Seaman had recovered sufficiently to leave hospital and take his place in the dock at Thames Police Court. He was still weak from the terrible injuries he had received in his desperate leap from the roof, and was carried to the court in one of the hospital ambulances. Pain and suffering had tended to soften his harsh features, and he looked little like the hardened criminal he was as he sat listening to the story of his crime. He was unable to stand, and, in order that he might be arranged comfortably (this for a brutal murderer!) in front of the dock he was carried into court seated in an arm-chair. It was evident to all that he was still suffering considerable pain, and during the hearing of the case this seemed to aggravate his fierce, uncontrollable temper. The right sleeve of his coat was empty and pinned against his breast, whilst his head was supported by a large pillow. Seaman refused to have legal aid, and himself cross-examined the witnesses, if cross-examination it can be called, for no one could make much of his questions or confessions. The latter, in particular, varied strangely. The stepson of the murdered man was the first

Life of Charles Peace.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

NOW, then, my fine fellow, that will teach you to be a little more cautious. You are too great a coward to hit one of your own size."

Once more the man regained his feet, but it was evident enough from his staggering that he had been seriously injured.

Wild with fury at being mastered by so insignificant-looking a man as Peace, he rushed forward to annihilate if possible his active and cunning adversary.

He let fly with his right and left, but Peace was far too artful to allow him to get within reach; he again sprang back, and, whirling round the stick he carried, he delivered a terrific blow therewith on the countryman's right temple.

Peace's dog "Gip" now sprang at the man and laid hold of one of his legs.

The countryman cried out "Murder!" several times.

"Call yer dog off—call him off! It bean't fair!"

"If you've had enough I'll call him off," said Peace.

"Call him off, then. Drat it, he's got hold of my leg. Do 'ee call him off."

Peace did as he was bid.

Then, panting, bleeding, and fairly cowed, the village athlete stood for awhile humiliated and crestfallen.

"You've brought this on yourself, my fine fellow," said our hero. "You're a big, strapping chap, but, you see, size and strength ain't everything. Take my advice, and think twice before you commit an assault upon those who have never done you any harm, and with whom you have no just and reasonable excuse for quarrelling."

"Didn't you meet Nell in the lane? Answer me that."

"I am not bound to answer every fool's question," returned Peace. "What if I did meet a young woman in the lane, or anywhere else for the matter of that, am I to be called to account by a fellow like you? You must be little better than a born idiot to suppose such a thing for a moment."

"I'll ha' it oot wi' 'ee some other time."

"Will you?"

"Yes, I will."

"Look here, my friend," said Peace, "you may think yourself lucky in being let off so easily this time. The next time you attempt to lay hands on me I'll put a bullet in your brain. I'm in earnest, and mean what I say. I will shoot you if you endeavour to again assault me. So now beware."

The man rubbed his eyes and looked hard at the speaker.

"Do you comprehend?" inquired the latter.

"I hear what you say."

Strongly built and muscular as he was, the countryman was by this time as weak as a rat; his knees seemed to give way under his weight, he felt giddy, and was fain to cling to the gate by the side of the road for support.

He was fairly mastered.

"Why, Giles, what be the matter wi' 'ee?" inquired two young fellows, who had seen the affray three fields off, and who now arrived on the scene of action.

"Has the little 'un bin too much for 'ee?."

"He's a devil, that what he be—a devil!" exclaimed Giles, nodding towards Peace.

"You will understand," said the latter, addressing himself to the newcomers, "that he attacked me in a violent manner without any reasonable excuse. I never saw the fellow before in my life—have had no quarrel with him until he chose to abuse and assault me, and I desire you to distinctly understand that what I have done has been only in the way of self-defence."

"Why, he's big enough to eat 'ee," observed one of the men, "and ought to be ashamed on himself."

"Go on," exclaimed Giles, "hit a man when he be down, it's the way wi' 'ee all."

"You're simply a blundering fool, and ought to have a month or two on the mill to tame ye," cried Peace. "I'm not at all certain that you didn't intend to rob me."

"Ah, no, he ain't one of that sort. Don't 'ee think that, sir," returned the other rustic.

"Well, I hope I'm mistaken. Let it pass. I am mistaken, put it in that way, and so good night."

With these last words, Peace proceeded on his way, and in a few minutes afterwards was safely ensconced in the snug parlour of Brickett's hostelry.

When the time came for the regular frequenters of the establishment to arrive, the topic of conversation was the encounter we have briefly described.

The man Giles was an ill-tempered, overbearing fellow, who was not liked by the village folk, and his discomfiture at the hands of Peace was deemed a good joke by most of them.

The only wonder was with them all that such a slight-built little fellow could have secured so easy a conquest, and, as a natural consequence, Peace was the hero of the hour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

For some days after the incidents which have been chronicled in the preceding chapter, our hero was actively employed in search of fresh customers. He was by no means unsuccessful, for in a short time he had contrived to obtain a very fair connection.

The orders for frames flowed in apace, but as yet he was not able to execute the commissions for want of a workshop.

He consulted the landlord of the Carved Lion, who was well acquainted with the neighbourhood and its surroundings.

"I've got a fairish amount of orders," said Peace, "and it's likely that others will follow; but there is a little difficulty in the way."

"And what might that be?" inquired Brickett.

"I can get all my materials easily enough," returned Peace; "but how about a place—a workshop?"

"Ah, I see, of course. You want a snug crib in the neighbourhood?"

"Yes."

"I think I can arrange that. You know Charlie Styant?"

"No, indeed, I do not."

"Oh, yes, you do. Not by name, perhaps, but you've seen him, an' he knows you well enough."

"Well, what of him?"

"He's a carpenter and cabinet-maker, and has a big workshop just at the end of Dennet's Lane. I dare say he'll be but too glad to let 'ee have part of his shop?"

"Do you think so?"

"Of course I do; nay, more, I'm pretty nigh sure o' it, and ye'll find him a nice young fellow in the bargain. He'll do anything he can to oblige a fellow-tradesman, I'm sartin sure o' that. Shall I speak to him?"

"I wish you would; but I'm giving you a great deal of trouble about one thing and another."

"Dall it, what's the use of a man being in the world if he can't mek hisself useful to a fellow creature? Besides, we all on us want to make it worth your while to stop as long as possible."

"You are very good, I'm sure. Just speak to this young carpenter and see what he says about it."

"Right you are. It shall be done this very morning."

Peace shouldered his pack and went round to his customers.

Upon his return in the afterpart of the day his landlord informed him that he had spoken to Styant, who expressed his willingness to let part of his shop for a few shillings a week.

"And you can have a bench all to yourself," observed Brickett."

"Nothing can be better. How far is it from here?"

"Not a quarter of a mile; but we'll go round and have a look at it," said the landlord, putting on his hat. "Nothing like striking while the iron's hot is an old motto of my father's."

The kind-hearted landlord conducted Peace to a long, low building built of wood, with a slate roof, at the end of Dennet's Lane, as it was termed.

He introduced his companion to a young man whom Peace recognised as one of the frequenters of the parlour of the Lion.

"Now ye two are to be better acquainted. Just cast your eyes round, Mr. Peace, and see if this place will suit ye."

"It will suit well enough if I am not incommoding our young friend."

"Ye can have this bench and this end o' the shop all to yerself," said Styant. "I ain't got so much business at present as to want the whole shop."

"I don't know how long I may want it," observed Peace; "that all depends upon what orders I get, but it will certainly be for two or three weeks."

"If it's two or three and twenty 'twill be all the better," observed the carpenter, with a smile.

This little matter being satisfactorily arranged, the landlord and his guest bent their steps in the direction of the hostelry.

"Yer had a tidy old scrimmage with Master Giles t'other evening, hadn't 'ee?" observed the former, as they took their way along.

"Yes," answered his companion.

"Short and sweet, wa'nt it, like a donkey's gallop?"

"It was short, but there was not much sweetness about it."

"About the girl Nelly, eh?"

"So he said. Is he a lover of hers?"

"No."

"Is Nelly in service?"

The landlord shook his head.

"Does she live near here?"

"Yes. She's an orphan, and lives with an aunt. The old lady keeps a shop in the next village, and does a little in the market gardening line. She has a large strawberry ground, which is pretty well frequented during the season."

"And Nell?"

"Well, yer see, she's a clever lass, and makes herself generally useful; but she's been a bit spoilt."

The two walked on in silence for some minutes after this.

"She was a great favourite with my missus," observed Brickett—"she who's dead an' gone now, an' she wasn't a woman to take a fancy to everybody. It was not many as pleased her."

"Ah! I don't wonder at Nell being a favourite."

"Why?"

"Because there's something so genuine and ingenuous about her manner, and she appears to me to be singularly straightforward for a woman."

"I'm glad you sed for a woman," observed Brickett, coming to a sudden halt and looking hard at the speaker. "I be very glad you sed that."

It was now Peace's turn to laugh.

"You're a bit of a philosopher," he said.

"I mind the time when I wanted all the philosophy I was possessed on; so would you if you'd been in the same position as I was; but, lor', it bean't no use looking back. We none of us know what we've got to go through in this world, and it's a blessing we don't; leastways, that be my opinion, 'cos, yer see, Mr. Peace, if so be as we did we should sink down and fall as flat as stale beer afore our journey was half over. We've all our trials an' our troubles, an' arter all I s'pose happiness is pretty well distributed among us. It bean't the richest or the most fortunate as are the happiest. Look at my lord at yonder foine estate, who's a rollin' in wealth; he be a miserable man—much more miserable than either on us."

"I don't know whom you are referring to."

"Why, Lord Ethalwood.

"Ah! I don't know him."

"But you've heerd on him, I s'pose?"

"No, I've not."

"Well, that be strange."

"You seem to forget that I am new to the neighbourhood and its inhabitants."

"Ah, true, I did not think of that. At some other time I'll tell 'ee all about him, but maybe ye'll hear from somebody else afore long."

Having made satisfactory arrangements for his workshop, Peace sent orders to a wholesale house in London to forward him several books of gold, together with some lengths of maple wood and German gilding, which would serve his purpose for the manufacture of cheap frames. When the parcel of goods arrived he set to work in earnest; the orders he had received for the inexpensive frames were much more numerous than his commissions for the better class of goods; he, however, managed to do pretty well with both class of customers.

One morning as he was leaving the Carved Lion to betake himself to the workshop, he observed at the bar a powdered lackey, arrayed in all the paraphernalia of dazzling garments appertaining to persons of his class.

Peace was struck with his appearance, as well he might be; for he was a finely formed man, over six feet in height, with a broad chest, huge limbs, and a proud bearing. He was decked out in the most gorgeous of liveries, with plush breeches, white stockings, and a large shoulder knot and tags falling over his shoulder.

This radiant individual was conversing with the landlord, who treated him with great deference.

Peace honoured the lackey with a cursory glance as he passed out of the inn.

Upon his return later in the day Brickett called him into the bar-parlour and said:

"Did you see our swell footman as you passed out this morning?"

"I couldn't help seeing him," returned our hero; "he was so big and was, moreover, so dazzling, that it was impossible to pass by without noticing him. Who is he?"

"One of Lord Ethalwood's servants—that's all."

"Humph! Well, he's a credit to the establishment, as far as appearance goes, that's quite certain."

"Yes. Well, now just listen to me a moment or so. He came here this morning to order some chartreuse, some bottles of seltzer and soda, together with many other things. It appears that the servants are going to have a party all to themselves. His lordship is in London——"

"And they take the opportunity of enjoying themselves during his absence. Quite right and proper."

"No, not altogether that; his lordship knows of the little affair, which is to come off in a day or two—has given permission, in fact. The butler, who has been in the family for the last thirty years, is a great favourite with his lordship. The butler's fellow-servants purpose presenting him with a watch and chain as a token of their respect and esteem."

"Also very right and proper, I suppose."

"Now, don't be satirical, old man," observed Brickett, with a smile. "Just hear me out. Henry Adolphus——"

"Who is he?"

"The footman."

"Ah! I see; the footman."

"Yes. Well, as I was a-saying, Henry Adolphus told me this morning that they were, in addition to other festivities, going to have a bit of a dance. But how about the band?"

"Have Weippert's from London."

"Hang it, don't be so contrary! Two or three musicians will be all they will require. Will you be one?"

"Me! Most certainly, if you desire it."

"You won't lose anything by it."

"Oh, dear, I should suppose not."

"Henry Adolphus has heard of you, and asked me if you were stopping here. I sed yes, in course; and I also sed I was certain sure you would be ready when they required your services."

"You're as good as a father to me," observed Peace, with a smile.

"An', yer know, although they are but servants, they are big people in their way at the hall, let me tell 'ee that. And they can do a chap a good turn when un loike."

"I shall be most delighted to make their acquaintance—of that rest quite satisfied. Make what arrangement you like with regard to me—I will do my very best to fulfil it."

"Right you are, old man—leave the matter in my hands."

Two days after this the footman again made his appearance at the inn; he had more orders to give to the landlord—more arrangements to make.

Brickett conducted him into the parlour and introduced him to our hero, who was at the time having his midday meal.

"This is the gentleman I were a-speaking to 'ee about, Mr. Peace, sir," said Brickett, addressing himself to the flunkey.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said Henry Adolphus.

Peace bowed.

"I am very glad to meet you, sir," said he.

The footman gave a dignified bend of his body, and handed our hero a card.

It was an invitation to the party to be held at the servants' hall on the following night.

"An' you'll have no objection to oblige them with a tune or two?" said the landlord.

"Certainly not, that's understood. Are there any other performers to be there besides myself?"

"A cornet player and a gentleman who plays bass," answered the footman.

"I should like to see them, so that we may know what we are going to do together."

The landlord and his visitor conversed apart for a minute or so, after which Henry Adolphus said, "If you see them 'ere to-night or to-morrow morning, will that suit you?"

"Yes, that will do very well."

In the evening of that same day a pale-faced young gentleman with weak eyes and a military-looking young man with a heavy moustache presented themselves at the Carved Lion and inquired for Peace.

The first-named was the bass-viol player, the other being the gentleman who performed on the cornet.

The three performers repaired to Peace's workshop, where they had one hour's hard practice. This enabled them to keep together—certainly well enough for a beginning. They had another turn at their instruments on the following morning.

The eventful evening arrived. Peace was not permitted to sally forth from the Carved Lion without an escort. The landlord and several of his parlour customers insisted upon accompanying him up the hill, on the brow of which was situated the noble mansion known through the county as Broxbridge Hall.

Brickett, who had received a card of invitation, was to come later on. He, however, went up to the great gates and lodge at the entrance, and rang the visitors' bell. The porter made his appearance in answer to this summons, whereupon Brickett explained to him in a few words who Peace was, and the reason of his visit.

Our hero was then left in charge of the porter, who conducted him into the servants' hall.

Peace was perfectly astounded at the grandeur and beauty of the place, which had been decorated with flags, garlands, rare and choice exotic plants, and presented all the appearance of a baronial hall of the olden time, such as Nash and Cattermole knew so well how to depict.

The place was crowded with throngs of visitors; the servants, relatives, and friends, together with a vast number of the tradesmen in the neighbourhood, formed one contingent.

In addition to these the parish schoolmaster with some of the elder boys, a few agriculturists, who rented small farms under his lordship, and last, but not least, perhaps, was the girl whom we have known as "Nelly."

Peace had been under the impression that he was going to a sort of "high life below stairs," about which he had heard so much.

He was, however, of quite a different opinion when he beheld the vast throng of gaily-dressed persons, surrounded with all the appliances which wealth and art could furnish.

He felt perfectly bewildered at the grandeur of the scene, which at this time was lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, which found their way through the many-coloured diamond-shaped windows of the apartment.

Henry Adolphus, who was at the farther end of the hall, caught sight of our hero as he first entered. With courtly politeness the prize flunkey hastened forward to give him welcome.

"It's vary good of you, I'm shaw," said that personage, after the usual greeting, "vary good to do us the 'onour of being present this hevening. Will you keindly step this way?"

Peace was conducted by his host towards one of the side-tables; here he was introduced to a quiet, sedate, bald-headed, respectable-looking man, whom Henry Adolphus informed him was Mr. Jakyl.

This was Lord Ethalwood's butler.

Had he not been informed otherwise, Peace would have concluded that it was his lordship himself.

Mr. Jakyl was reticent by nature; the few words he did utter, however, were courteous and patronising enough.

The butler, however, had so many persons to see, and such a number of little arrangements to make, that he did not remain many minutes in one place.

He was constrained to leave Peace rather abruptly.

"What wine will you take, Mr. Peace?" said Henry Adolphus.

"None at present, I thank you," returned our hero.

"You must 'ave one glass with me. What say you—champagne?"

"Thank you, yes."

Two glasses of champagne were filled, and the burglar and the flunkey hobbed and nobbed. Presently the latter's attention was called to another part of the room.

Soon after his departure Peace caught sight of Nelly threading her way through the throng. He hastened towards her.

"You here!" said he, in a whisper, when he had reached her side.

"Me—yes. Is there anything surprising in that?" returned she, with a toss of the head.

"Well, I don't know that it's surprising; it's gratifying to me, at any rate, and makes me feel supremely happy."

"Does it?"

"Of course, you know it does. How is it you have never shown up since that night? I've been watching the hours."

"There, that will do. Spare yourself the trouble o' talkin' like a booby. That sort o' thing won't go down here."

"You are a most extraordinary girl," returned Peace. "Hang me if I know what to make of you. At one time I thought I was a bit of a favourite, but now——"

"Well, what are you a-sayin'?"

"Not much, but I want to know more. I wish to become better acquainted with one who has made so great, so favourable an impression on me."

"What brought yer here if yer doesn't know any on 'em?"

"Because I was invited."

The weak-eyed bass-viol player and the military-looking cornet performer now came forward and offered their hands to Peace, and his conversation with Nelly was therefore brought to a premature close for awhile.

Peace discovered in the course of conversation with his two fellow-musicians that an addition had been made to the orchestra—a harpist and a flutist had volunteered their services.

"But positively I tremble," observed the young gentleman with the weak eyes.

"What at?" cried Peace.

"Well, you see, in case there should be any mistake. We certainly ought to have been introduced to the flutist and harpist, so that we might have had a little practice."

"We shall manage well enough, I dare say," observed the bass-viol player.

A cold collation had been spread out on the huge table in the adjoining room, into which the assembled guests were now conducted.

Mr. Jakyl was to have taken the head of the table, but he had been throughout his life a modest, unobtrusive man, and at his earnest request the village schoolmaster, Mr. Magnet, consented to occupy that place of honour.

He was supported by the bailiff on one side and the head gardener on the other.

There was a vast amount of wine-taking, of mixed conversation, and a noise as of many tongues speaking at once.

One of the young farmers sang a hunting song, with a "tally ho!" chorus, which was rendered vigorously, if not musically.

People had evidently come to enjoy themselves, and they did so to their hearts' content.

Henry Adolphus had been constrained—from the force of circumstances, of course—to partake of wine with so many persons that he was in an effervescent state.

All of a sudden, to the surprise of everybody and the dismay of a few, he rose to his legs for the purpose of addressing the assembly.

"Sit down—don't be so foolish—do, pray, sit down!" cried one of the female servants, frowning at the footman.

"Ish all right, I know what I'm about!" exclaimed Henry Adolphus; "have a dooty to perform."

"Are you mad?"

"Mary Hann, don't be personal. Be quiet, my girl, be quiet." Then, in a louder voice, he shouted out, "Mr. Charman!"

"Order, chair!" said Mr. Magnet.

"Mr. Charman and gentlemen," said the footman, "I need not tell you that I'm unaccustomed to public speaking, but I cannot let this hevening pass hover without—without doing what I consider to be a justice to our worthy charman. Gentlemen, Mr. Magnet has put himself out of the way to oblige us. Every one of us can lay our 'ands on our 'arts and say that he has expressed our feelings a deal better than we could have done ourselves. (Hear, hear.) Now, I want to tell you that we ought to be grateful, and I cannot let the hevening pass hover——"

"Henry Adolphus, do sit down."

"Mary Hann, shut up," said the footman. "I will have my say."

"Oh, it is dreadful. Do get him to sit down."

"We have a little interruption here, Mr. Charman, but that does not matter. I cannot and will not let the hevening

pass 'Hover without doing what I consider to be my dooty. Gentlemen, one and hall, my hobject in addressing you is easily expressed, and I intend to keep the hobject in my heye. I'm going to ask you to drink the 'ealth of Mr. Magnet, and at the same time I want you to join me in thanking 'im for all his kindness."

The health of the chairman was drunk with enthusiasm, and, much to the delight of those around him, the pertinacious flunkey sat down.

He had by this time imbibed enough to float a four-oared cutter, and the only wonder was that he did not make a greater fool of himself.

The chairman responded in an amusing speech, and the hilarity was very soon at its height.

It was intimated that everything was ready for the dance, the next room had been cleared, and the musicians were playing some lively strains.

There was a general exodus, most of the company betaking themselves to the ballroom.

Those who lived some distance from the hall now began to take their departure, and, in the course of another hour, more than half the visitors had left.

Mr. Jakyl came up into the gallery and personally thanked Peace and his confederates for their services. He at the same time placed wines and other refreshments before them.

He was certainly a well-behaved, considerate man, who never failed to look after the comfort of those who came within his sphere of action.

The guests at the hall now began to leave rapidly, and the evening's amusements were brought to a close. The musicians were thanked once more by the butler, Henry Adolphus, and many others of the household, and our hero returned to the Old Carved Lion, in company of its genial landlord, who had been footing it merrily for an hour or more.

CHAPTER XXV.

For some four or five weeks after this Peace was busily engaged in executing the orders he had received from people

PEACE PLAYS AT A SERVANTS' DANCE.

Peace and his coadjutors comported themselves very well —the music was bright, crisp, and inspiring.

The musicians were stationed in a gallery at the end of the room, and Peace had no opportunity of mixing with the throng of dancers beneath.

He commanded, however, an excellent view of all that was going on, and was by no means consoled by seeing the girl Nelly dancing with one partner after another, without even condescending to regard him with a passing glance.

This, of course, was irritating to a man of his choleric temperament, but there was no help for it; he was compelled to submit with the best grace he could.

There were a number of young and pretty women among the throng, and, as a matter of course, a vast deal of flirtation took place in the course of the evening.

Mr. Jakyl was evidently anxious that neither his fellow-servants nor his guests should overstep the bounds of prudence.

Some of the young farmers were far too demonstrative and noisy to please the discreet and prudent butler, who, to say the truth, would in all probability feel greatly relieved when the festivities of the evening were brought to a termination.

of almost every denomination. It was evident enough that he did not intend to shift his quarters for some time, as orders were falling in pretty fast, and he had promised Brickett to regild his frames before he left the village.

Lord Ethalwood returned to Broxbridge Hall. Before introducing him to the reader, we must, for the purpose of our history, give a brief chronicle of past events. He had the reputation of being proud and haughty to a fault. Austere and inflexible as he was in outward appearance, he was not deficient in the softer and more tender promptings of the heart; but he was proud—this fact his best friends could not deny, and therein, perhaps, lay the secret of all his trials and troubles.

He was proud of his name, of his lineage, of his unsullied honour, proud of the repute in which he was held, of his high standing in the county.

As a river gathers force and strength from every tributary stream, so he made every gift heaven had bestowed upon him tributary to his pride.

It was a grand old place he owned, in the county in which he was born. Broxbridge Hall had everything to recommend it. Situated on the summit of a hill, with acres and acres of land spreading out on all sides, fine old woods, fertile land,

through which a silver stream wound its sinuous course, and a house of the old Elizabethan type, together with a princely income. Nevertheless, this man was not happy.

Nay, more, he was supremely wretched.

No wonder! A shadow had crossed over his house—a shadow deep and sinister.

The misfortunes that had befallen him and his were to a certain extent attributable to circumstances beyond his control; but he had added to these misfortunes by his own indomitable pride.

People, in speaking of him, said he was just and generous, but very proud.

He was a rigid observer of class distinctions. He paid all persons the honour due to them, and he expected the same in return.

"The Ethalwoods came in with the Conqueror," he would say. "Had fate ordained them to be kings, they would have known how to reign. Old as the line is, there is not a blot on the escutcheon. No Ethalwood ever forfeited his honour."

It is an axiom as old as the hills—much older, it may be, than the honoured line of the Ethalwoods—that pride must have a fall.

Never, surely, was the truth of this more terribly exemplified than in the life of the nobleman now immediately under our notice.

Bertram Lord Ethalwood married a young creature of surpassing beauty. She was nobly born, but vivacious and volatile. She bore him three children—two sons and one daughter.

The first blow that fell upon our nobleman—a blow which fell upon him "even as a flail falls upon the garnered grain"—was the elopement of his wife with an officer attached to the Indian army.

The injured husband did not show externally any signs of the sorrow which weighed so heavily on his heart. He sued for a divorce, which he obtained without opposition.

His wife shortly after this died in Calcutta. It was a relief to him when he was apprised of her death.

He did not marry again, but he loved his daughter and was proud of his sons. His children were the delight of his heart—the very light and brightness of his home was his daughter.

A beautiful, gay, high-spirited girl, who had all the Ethalwood spirit with its attendant pride, her father literally worshipped her; he watched her beauty as it developed day by day; he pleased himself by fondly imagining what a glorious future was before her.

He could not bear to part with her, and would not upon any consideration be persuaded to send her from home.

He had governesses and masters for her—he did his best to ensure her a good education at home, but it was, perhaps, the most imprudent thing he could possibly do. He made no allowance for girlish gaiety or exuberance of spirits, and the result of this was that the girl began to look upon her home as a sort of prison.

She loved her father, had the greatest respect for his character, but still at the same time she looked upon him as a sort of gaoler, and gloried in evading his rules.

Her brothers she did not see a very great deal of. They spent very little time at Broxbridge Hall; they went to Eton, and from there to Oxford, and were principally under the charge of tutors.

Lord Ethalwood had impressed upon them in a most marked manner the nobility of their race and the obligation they were under to keep their name unsullied and honour unstained; he left the rest to their teachers.

The name of Lady Ethalwood no one in the household durst mention; his lordship had given orders to that effect. Even his sons and daughter never once alluded to their dead mother.

Whatever they knew or had heard about her they had the prudence to keep to themselves.

The years flew by, and the Honourable Miss Ethalwood was approaching her eighteenth summer, and her father was looking forward to the time when she would be presented at Court and take her place among the ladies of the fashionable world.

He almost dreaded this ordeal, for he felt that she would, as a natural consequence, become hurried on into a vortex of pleasure, and be constrained to keep up an incessant round of visits; but a greater evil, a more serious estrangement, was destined to take place before the dreaded time arrived.

When his lordship took up his quarters in his town residence, he left his daughter at the old ancestral home, where, during his absence, she reigned supreme. This just suited her, for, like her father, she was immensely fond of having her own way.

With all his intellect and acquirements, how blind was the haughty nobleman to the common affairs of life—how little did he reckon upon the danger which beset his daughter's path at this time!

An Italian professor taught her music and singing. He was, as many Italians are, a remarkably handsome young man, and he had a voice which was simply magnificent.

Bending over the piano, and turning over the leaves of the music, he had ample opportunity afforded him of coming in close contact with his fair pupil.

His visits—or lessons would be the more correct term—were much more frequent during his lordship's absence than they were when he was residing at Broxbridge; even the servants could not help noticing this.

A thought came into the head of the music-master—indeed, it had been there for a very long time; it was this:

"What a grand future I shall make for myself," he murmured, "if I woo and win the Honourable Miss Ethalwood!"

To do the Italian professor justice, he was really not actuated by mercenary motives. He had conceived a passion for his pupil, and, as a natural consequence, she became aware of this without his uttering a word relative to so important a subject.

The professor had all the qualities to captivate one of the opposite sex.

He was light-hearted, animated, had no inconsiderable amount of passionate eloquence, and was, in short, a very dangerous man to hover about a thoughtless and inexperienced girl.

The Honourable Miss Ethalwood inherited much of her father's pride, but that was not much protection when her heart was touched.

In a very short time she became infatuated with the handsome young Italian.

To make use of a common phrase, she was over head and ears in love, or, as Mr. Artemus Ward would say, "I cannot tell you how muchly she loved him."

Meanwhile, while all this was going on, Lord Ethalwood had not the faintest notion of the coming storm, and even if a suspicion had crossed his mind he would have dismissed it, for it would have seemed as probable to him that his daughter would fall in love with one of his grooms as with her music-master.

He returned to Broxbridge Hall, and demonstrated all his old fondness for his daughter, and did not observe at this time that her manner was at times constrained.

The professor's visits were now few and far between, but the love between the two grew stronger—the Italian grew bolder—he asked his fair pupil to meet him at an appointed spot in the neighbourhood.

She foolishly consented, and on one occasion when her ardent admirer told her in passionate accents how dearly he loved her she owned that the feeling was reciprocal.

It was not easy to determine whether it was love or ambition that prompted the Italian to make the declaration—it might be both.

It was, however, a base betrayal of trust and a cruel fraud—a most unpardonable deception, a most dishonourable deed.

They plighted their troth. The professor asked the young lady to broach the subject to her father.

She drew back a pace or two, and exclaimed, "Mention it to my father! You must be mad to make such a proposition."

"He would never consent?"

"Consent! He would die first. Oh, you do not know him."

The Italian shrugged his shoulders, and looked on the ground in a desponding manner.

The lovers parted.

A day or two after this the Italian went to Broxbridge Hall for the purpose of giving his usual lesson. He met his lordship in the passage, who bowed stiffly and passed on.

"Can he suspect anything?" murmured the professor, "or is it the natural pride which all the English aristocracy have, more or less? Ah! she's right enough! It will never do to mention the subject to him. Ha! ha! we must elope!"

He told his pupil of the meeting, and informed her also that her parent was stiff and haughty in his manner.

"That is not unusual with him," she answered. "It's his way. Do not take any notice of it."

"Does he suspect aught?"

"No. Oh, dear, no!"

While this love-making had been going on there was one in the house who had her own private reasons for suspecting something was amiss. This was the housekeeper of the establishment.

She was under the impression that a little harmless flir-

tation was taking place, but she had no idea of its nature or extent. Had she been aware of this, in all likelihood she would have mentioned the subject to her young mistress or his lordship.

She, however, deemed it expedient, for divers reasons, to remain silent.

The very last person in the whole establishment to suspect the state of affairs was the master of Broxbridge.

He had unlimited faith in the integrity of his daughter, and, indeed, to say the truth, there was not much excuse to be made for her, save that she was charmed with her lover's handsome person, his musical voice, his fascinating and engaging manners. She was infatuated; so much so, indeed, as to be heedless of the great wrong she was doing, but she had now gone too far to retract.

She consented to elope with her music-master, who had repeatedly suggested a clandestine marriage.

She persuaded herself that he was a gentleman, although a poor one. He was an artist, a man of polished manners, and equal in many ways to her father's friends and companions—in some respects he was their superior.

Poor, giddy, thoughtless girl, she knew but little of the world! Had she mixed more in society she would have hesitated before she took the first false step which led to untold misery both to her and hers.

The end came. She stole one afternoon from the time-honoured walls of Broxbridge, and eloped with Signor Montini.

It would be impossible to describe the despair of Lord Ethalwood when he heard of his daughter's flight. He was frantic for a time, after which he was preternaturally calm; but a storm raged within him more terrible than any sudden burst of passion. She had written to him avowing her love for Montini, and informing him at the same time that she took it for granted he would never give his consent. Hence it was she had consented to a clandestine marriage. She implored him to forgive her, to pity and pardon her for her disobedience.

No member of the old Inquisition could have looked more relentless and spectral than did the lord of Broxbridge when he read this epistle.

"She has passed from me, even as did her mother," he ejaculated, in a low, deep whisper. "Even as did her mother," he repeated, like the burthen of a song. "Fool that I was, I never counted on this blow!"

He took an oath never to look upon her face again. Dear as she had been to him, he was resolved upon thinking only of her as one dead. This terrible oath he kept unbroken.

He knew but little of Montini, and, strange to say, he was not so embittered against him as might have been supposed. The full measure of his wrath fell upon the head of his undutiful, thankless daughter. His love for her had changed to the most deadly hate, which neither time nor circumstances would change.

He was relentless. As far as he was concerned, the noble sentiments conveyed in the words of a celebrated poet, "To err is human; to forgive, divine," never for a moment passed through his mind.

She had brought disgrace upon him. She had sullied the name of Ethalwood by running away with a low-born foreigner, a miserable teacher. The thought was agony. He never would acknowledge her—never more.

It was something fearful to witness the inexorable determination of the injured and unforgiving father, who never for a moment reflected that he was in some measure responsible for the misfortune which had befallen him. Had he been less exacting, given her a wider sphere of action, the chances would have been she would not have been forced into the error which brought with it so much misery.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The two sons of Lord Ethalwood were perfectly astounded when the news reached them of their sister's elopement with Signor Montini.

They might and, indeed, ought to have taken her part; but they knew pretty well the hopelessness of any appeal to their father, who was not a man to give way when he had once made up his mind.

They had, indeed, seen so little of their sister; had been so estranged from her for so long a time, had left her so entirely to their father's disposal that they did not hold themselves responsible for her actions.

Nevertheless, they found it difficult to comprehend how she could have so forgotten herself.

Lord Ethalwood made no loud complaints. To all appearance he was as calm and impassive as of yore. If anyone attempted to condole with him he held up his hand in a deprecatory manner which enforced silence. His sorrow—his anger lay too deep for words.

He did not interrogate any of the household about his daughter's mode of life, or make any inquiry about Montini.

Servants as a rule are loquacious enough with regard to the movements of their superiors. His gamekeepers could, and, indeed, would have told him of rambles in the woods of Broxbridge, of stolen meetings in the grounds, but their lord and master at once repressed them.

He forbade them ever to mention the names of either the Italian or their young mistress. The men, of course, deemed it expedient to keep silent.

The housekeeper began to open her mind to his lordship.

"I do not desire, madam, to enter into the question, and therefore beg that for now and hereafter you will hold your peace. The past has passed away; let it be forgotten."

The housekeeper made a curtsy and retired.

In a few days after this she received a notice from his lordship, who was then at his town residence, to quit his service. He did not return till the notice had expired, and she had taken her departure.

She was sagacious enough to understand the cause of her dismissal.

His daughter's lady's-maid and two other female servants were also discharged.

Upon Lord Ethalwood's return to Broxbridge, he summoned his butler, Mr. Jakyl, to his presence. He was sitting alone in his library at this time, and before him rose, like so many ghosts, all the hopes he had centred in his beautiful daughter. He remembered her as a lovely, laughing child—as a merry and artless girl. His brow was dark, and his eyes were red with weeping.

Despite his pride, his sternness, his terrible contempt and scorn, there was something pitiful in the proud man's silent, solitary despair.

Never again was he destined to hear the gay young voice—never more to watch the beautiful face. She was worse, ten thousand times worse, than dead. If she had been snatched from him by the icy fingers of death, he could have loved her still—could have visited her grave—he could have spoken of her, but she was dishonoured and disgraced—she had brought scorn and contempt down upon the very name of Ethalwood.

"Ahem! did you ring, my lord?" said the butler, who had crept so quietly into the room that his master was not aware of his presence. It was a way he had—he was so very soft and gentle in his movements.

"Ah! it's you, Jakyl."

The butler bowed.

"Yes, I rang—let me see, what was it for? Ah, I remember. You know the handwriting of your late mistress?"

"Yes, my lord."

"For the future I desire you to look carefully over all the letters addressed to me before I see them, and, should there be any in the handwriting of your late young mistress, destroy them."

"Destroy them?"

"Yes, sirrah; burn them—that's what I mean."

"Yes, my lord," returned the butler, with another bow.

He was surprised, but was too discreet a man to let any expression of it be seen on his countenance, which was as inexpressive as that of a wax doll.

He withdrew from the apartment in the same noiseless way in which he had entered.

After this time Lord Ethalwood lived as if he had no daughter. Mr. Jakyl was the only person who knew how many heart-broken letters came to Broxbridge Hall; he never referred again to the subject to any living creature. He knew very well the uncompromising nature of his master, and knew, moreover, that it was more than his place was worth to be outspoken on so painful a subject.

So time passed on, and the name of the young girl who had been his idol in days gone by was never even mentioned; all trace of her had disappeared, and she was as one dead, and to all appearance even the fact of her having had existence was entirely forgotten.

His two sons he took great pride in. He hoped and expected that they would do honour to his name. Reginald, the eldest, was proud and haughty like his father. The younger one was soft and womanly; he had not by any means so robust a constitution as his brother, but he was a general favourite, being especially kind and considerate to all who came within his influence.

He was his father's pet, for he never thwarted his parent

in any of his whims and fancies; indeed it might be said that he was obedient and yielding to a fault.

Lord Ethalwood could not conceal from himself that this young man had a hectic flush at times, and showed decided symptoms of weakness, or it might be of early decay, and he was seriously concerned when the family physician informed him that his second son required the greatest possible care.

His lordship trembled at the thought of losing one who was so endeared to him, and he could not bear him out of his sight; he was, therefore, his constant companion, either at Broxbridge or his town residence.

Reginald took great delight in athletic sports, was a member of a yachting club, was a daring rider, and attended most meets in the county and elsewhere.

His father did not much concern himself about him, leaving him to do pretty much as he liked; for he used to say, with a smile, that Reginald was strong enough for anything, and was well able to take care of himself.

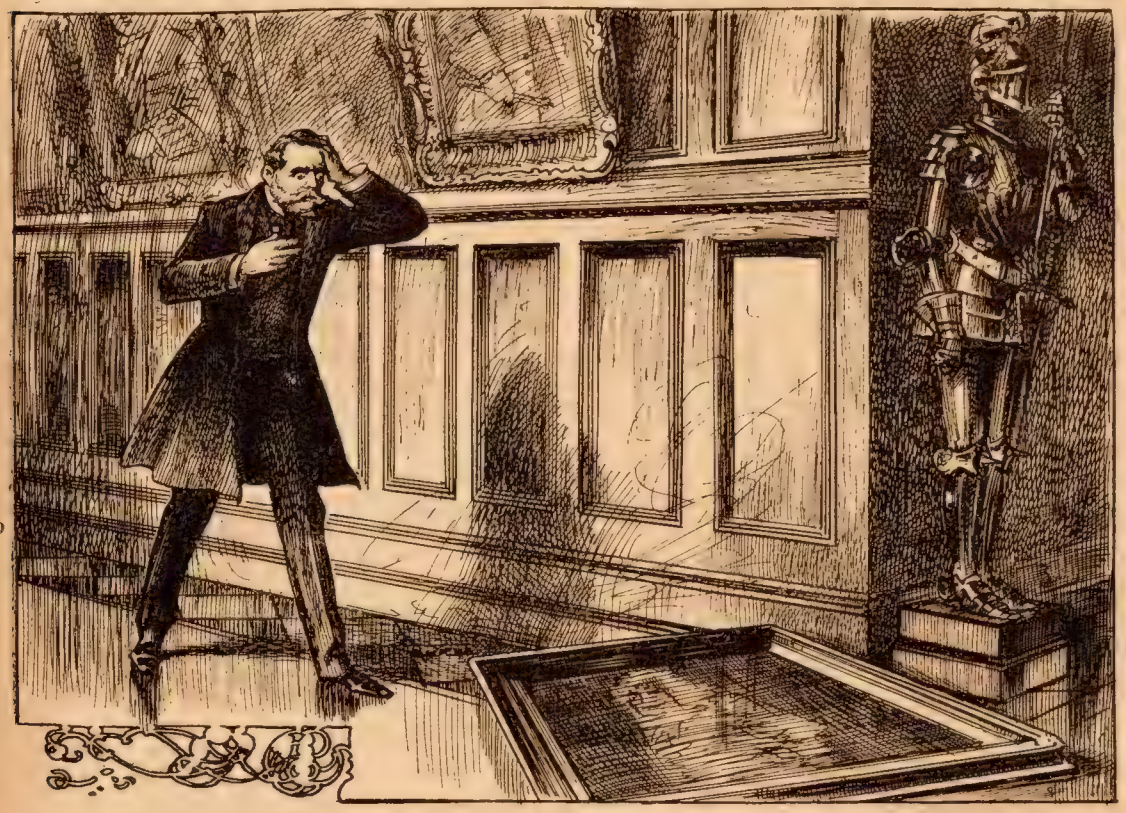
bore himself bravely under the deep affliction which had fallen upon him, it was easy to see that he was no longer the same man. A shadow had fallen upon him and his, and he was constrained to suffer in silence.

Reginald was interred in the family vault. A noble scion of the house of Ethalwood was gathered to his fathers with all the pomp and ceremony usually accorded to the illustrious dead.

His only remaining son, Herbert, was now his father's chief, and indeed it might be said only, care. He had no other prop for his declining years, no other to look to as the direct inheritor of his title and estates.

His anxiety about his son Herbert was almost pitiful to witness; he was for ever by his side, watching with a jealous care.

It was pretty generally understood by all that the young man was acutely sensible of the loss he had sustained by the death of his brother Reginald, to say nothing of the mystery in which the fate of his sister was enveloped.



LOOKED ON THE CIRCUMSTANCE AS AN ILL OMEN.

Judge of his horror, however, when, one afternoon, he received the sad intelligence that his son Reginald had been thrown from his horse while following the hounds in a distant part of the county; and that when picked up the young man was found to be dead. His neck was broken, and he never moved after the fall.

This blow fell with a deadening weight upon the miserable and despairing father. He could not at first realise it, and it was not until he saw the body of his dead son that he could be brought to believe in the irreparable loss he had sustained.

There were people who at this time, and indeed afterwards, said that he was justly punished for his indomitable pride, and many averred that he had brought most of the troubles on himself. Such is the charitable construction some people put upon the misfortunes of others.

But the cup of his sorrow was not yet full.

A terrible change came over the unhappy and ill-fated nobleman about this time. Long years of toil could not have aged him as his sorrow did. His hair grew white, his face became livid, his eyes lost their wonted fire; and, albeit he

He durst not make any inquiries about her, and even if he had he would have been none the wiser, seeing that nobody knew aught about her. He therefore mourned the loss of each in silence.

He was, physically as well as mentally, incapable of bearing any great affliction, and it is likely enough that the untoward events which had taken place in a measure tended to hasten his decline.

Nothing, however, could have saved him, so his medical attendant declared, for he was suffering from the worst form of consumption.

This fact, however, was kept from his father for as long a time as possible.

Lord Ethalwood hoped against hope. He could not and would not up to the very last believe that his only remaining son was slowly but surely passing away.

"Remember, Herbert, you are the last of the Ethalwoods, my son, the last of our name. Our race all depends upon you. It behoves you, therefore, to take great care of yourself. Live, live, for my sake."

Then he would sit down and watch the thin features of

the young man with the deepest anxiety, but whether he believed in the possibility of his recovery, or whether he clung to hope as a last refuge, it is not possible to say.

It was perfectly evident to all the inmates of Broxbridge Hall that their young master was daily becoming weaker and weaker, and the end most of them guessed, and even hinted at.

Yes; the fiat had gone forth, and no medical skill could arrest the approach of death—Herbert sank to his last sleep in his father's arms. Lord Ethalwood was left alone in the world.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The melancholy series of events which we have recorded in the two preceding chapters occurred long before the period in which the action of our story takes place.

Let us now follow the thread of our narrative.

We have already signified that Lord Ethalwood returned to Broxbridge Hall very shortly after the servants' party, at which our hero had played no insignificant part.

In a small room, called the study, a thin, tall, aristocratic man, of three-score years and ten, is seated; around the walls of the apartment are ranged glass bottles, crucibles, together with a variety of other articles, emblematical of a chemical laboratory. The solitary occupant of the studio might be taken for a necromancer of the middle ages, so spectral and weird-like is he in appearance; and at times his deep-sunken eyes seem to light up and flash with unwonted fire, while at others they are cold, inexpressive, and passionless.

His long, bony fingers are busily occupied in reaching ever and anon some ponderous volume, the pages of which he scans with a curious and absorbing interest.

The old man is Lord Ethalwood, who, despite his years and the sorrow they have brought, is still firm and vigorous—still full of active, intellectual life.

He is a philosopher—a searcher after truth—a solitary and silent worker in his old ancestral home. The recluse at Broxbridge needs some occupation to drive away the miserable thoughts which at times take possession of him.

He had made chemistry his study, he had also dipped deeply into the science of astrology, and when wearied of these he followed up his train of observations in astronomy.

At the top of his palatial residence he had erected an observatory.

This was furnished with a large telescope, which was said to be the finest in the country. He had always had a taste for scientific pursuits; in the later years of his life it was a passion with him.

He had little else to occupy his thoughts, for he had long since withdrawn himself from society, and with the exception of a few choice friends he did not much care about mixing with what is called the fashionable world.

But a deep shadow had fallen on the house of Ethalwood—a shadow which no ray of sunlight dispelled.

For an hour or so the master of Broxbridge remained in his studio, working out some difficult problem in chemistry. Presently he arose, passed out of his laboratory, and made his way to the observatory.

To reach this he had to pass through the picture gallery, on the walls of which were ranged in chronological order portraits of his dead ancestors.

He seldom passed through the picture gallery without taking a glance at the long line of portraits, the very contemplation of which seemed to take him back to brighter and more glorious days. He was proud of his ancestors, many of whom had been identified with the history of the country.

A miserable sense of depression and loneliness came over him as he contemplated the time-honoured works of art. He thought some of his race looked reprovingly on him out of their dingy frames.

At his death there would be an end to the unbroken line of the Ethalwoods. He had no son to inherit the title and estates, which would go to a distant relative, whom he held in utter abhorrence. This thought was perfect agony to him.

He turned abruptly away and made for the observatory, and strove to drown his sorrow in the depths of science.

In a short time, however, he again sought the laboratory. As he arrived at the door of the picture gallery he was startled by a loud noise, a sort of clatter and crash—so it seemed to him—which reverberated through the whole apartment.

He hastened forward, and beheld a cloud of dust.

When this had cleared away he was enabled to ascertain the cause of the strange sounds. The portrait of Gervase Lord Ethalwood, with its massive oak frame, had fallen to the floor.

The master of Broxbridge was greatly affected. His pale face became a thought paler, and his limbs trembled.

A superstitious fear seemed to creep over him. He looked upon the circumstance as an ill omen.

Had fate in store for him any greater trial?

For awhile he stood motionless and spell-bound, his eyes being all the while riveted on the fallen picture.

His ancestor, Gervase Lord Ethalwood, was deemed the most honoured of his race. He had distinguished himself both in the field and in the senate—had enjoyed the confidence of his Sovereign.

"This is a most remarkable circumstance—the more so since it happened while I was at the entrance of the picture gallery," murmured Lord Ethalwood. "Most remarkable—and—and significant."

As he was hesitating how to act, he observed at the other end of the gallery the well-known features of Mr. Jakyl, who was advancing in his usual quiet and unobtrusive manner.

"Oh, it's you, Jakyl!" said his lordship, walking up to the picture. "Do you know of the accident?"

"I heard a noise, my lord," returned the butler, "and hastened to ascertain the cause."

"The picture, the likeness of my great ancestor—it has fallen."

They both looked at the object in question.

"The rings have given way," observed Mr. Jakyl, pointing to the rings through which ran the cords which supported it.

"Strange, most unaccountable!" ejaculated the nobleman. "Most incomprehensible."

"Well, my lord, it is not so surprising after all," returned the butler. "The wood is decayed."

"Umph! You had better lift it up and place it against the wall, then get the steps and hang it up in its place."

The butler gave utterance to an expression of surprise.

"What's the matter?" inquired his master.

"The wood on which the picture is painted is perfectly rotten. I am afraid to touch it in case it should fall to pieces."

This was found to be the case. The picture of Gervase Lord Ethalwood was in such a decayed state that the panel on which that marvellous man had been painted was like touchwood, which had been so worm-eaten that it threatened to tumble to pieces.

A bright idea occurred to the butler, who said, in a half apologetic tone, "We have a very clever young man from London working in the neighbourhood, who, I think, would be able to make a good job of it."

"What is he, and who is he?"

"He's in the picture line, my lord, and is very clever, so I'm told. His name is Peace."

"Do you think he is a skilful workman?"

"Oh, dear me, there's no question about that."

"Very well. Send for him at once; there will be no harm in hearing what he says. Send for him, Jakyl."

And with these words Lord Ethalwood returned to his laboratory.

Peace, who was at work in his shop in Dennet's Lane, was surprised to receive a message from the Hall, commanding his immediate attendance upon a matter of urgent business.

He put on his best attire and presented himself at Broxbridge.

He was at once taken into the picture-gallery.

Mr. Peace made a careful examination of the picture.

"Well," said Lord Ethalwood, addressing himself to Peace, "how about this picture? Can anything be done with it? I don't mind the price, only I want it made sound."

"And it is no easy task, my lord," answered our hero, "seeing that it is so old and decayed; but I will do my best with it."

It was so arranged. In the course of a few days our hero, with the help of a well-known man in the trade, set to work on the picture.

For a long time after his introduction to Lord Ethalwood's palatial establishment he continued to lead a respectable life.

He was much taken with the girl, Nelly, but she did not seem to offer him any encouragement. This not a little vexed him, for when they first met she appeared amiable enough. He did not very well know what to make of her.

But what concerned him the most was the mysterious disappearance of Bessie Dalton; this he could not in any way account for. He would have given anything to clear up that mystery.

(To be continued.)

witness, and he related how Susan Gale had been in old Levy's employ for eleven years. He stated that Levy had retired from business, and identified various articles as being the "old gentleman's" property. Various articles were shown to the witness, and as he recognised these relics of the terrible crime he was completely overcome and broke down. He did not know Seaman. This ended his evidence, but Seaman had something to say.

"You say that Annie Gale is his housekeeper?" he asked, in gruff tones. "Is she his housekeeper or his wife?" And then, before the witness could reply, Seaman went on, "I say she slept with him, and that her bed was never made at all that night."

The witness simply replied, "You know all about it," and stepped from the box.

The dead woman's property was identified by her sister, and Seaman showed some consideration for the lady's grief,

Vaulted Lightly Over.

for, when she concluded her evidence, he remarked, "I don't wish to pass any remarks about her sister. I don't wish to put any questions at all to the lady."

Other witnesses told the story of the crime as we have related it above; and then came the recital of a confession as sensational and brutally callous as any that has ever been heard in a court of justice.

It was Police-constable O'Bryan who read the confession. He said that on April 11, a week after the murder, he was in charge of prisoner at the hospital. Seaman turned to him and said:

"I suppose the old —— Levy is dead by this time and buried?"

The constable replied, "I don't know."

Seaman paused for a moment, and then went on, "I am glad I did for the old —— and the woman; she must have been sleeping in the old man's bed, as she was undressed at the time I killed her. I have been a good many times for the money, amounting to £70, and the old —— always made some excuse or the other about it. I made up my mind to do for him. I am not afraid of being hanged. I shan't be like some of them."

Seaman at this point relapsed into silence, but next day, as if continuing, he woke up, and said:

"I have been a frequent visitor to the house in Turner Street, where the job was done, and if the —— old Jew had only paid me the £70 the job would not have happened. You don't know one half of what there has been between old Levy and me. No one else knows it now, and I will keep it to myself. You don't know what I have had to put up with from the two—but this finishes the lot. That morning I knocked at the door; old Levy himself opened it, and I walked in. He said, 'The girl is upstairs.' I then went upstairs and found her in the room. She had got her dress on, and was leaning over the bed, which appeared to me not to have been slept in. She always slept with old Levy. When she saw me she shouted and began struggling, but I soon stopped her kicking. I then came downstairs and put the —— old Jew's light out. After the job was finished I heard someone knocking at the door. I stood behind the door considering whether to let them in or not. If I had opened the door I would soon have floored them so as they would not have walked out of that house again alive. They would have been carried out stiff with the others. I then got on the roof from the inside, and saw my only chance was to dive from there head first. If it had not been for someone who broke my fall I should not have been lying here now. I know I am going to get hung, and would not care if it was now, for I am tired of my life."

Seaman, there is scarcely any doubt, would have murdered anyone who came in his way on that fatal Saturday, and frequently regretted having forgotten to take the knife with him to the roof, for then, he averred, he would have "done for" one of the policemen. He was committed for trial at the Old Bailey, and during the few weeks of waiting spent his time in the prison hospital, where his condition somewhat improved. When, however, he appeared in the dock at the grim old court he still looked very ill; he walked with difficulty, and appeared to have lost the use of his right arm. Mr. Justice Hawkins was the presiding judge, and at the outset of the trial he asked Seaman, who, by the way, was described as a diver, if he wished to be defended. The murderer gruffly declined the judge's offer, and the trial was at once proceeded with.

The evidence added nothing to the story we have already given. Once or twice Seaman broke in with a remark, none of which, however, had much bearing on the case. He wondered where Mrs. Gale's husband was, and said, "It seems very strange that he does not come forward; he's not much respect for his wife if he don't come forward and recognise her." Again he broke in when Policeman Richardson told the story of the scene on the roof. "You never showed up on the roof while I was there, and it's no use saying you did!" he called across the court; and, later, after his confession, given above, had been read, he said to P.-C. O'Bryan, "The whole of your evidence is a fabrication. Either I'm a madman to make such a statement, or you are a rogue. You've been sworn on the Bible, but they ought to have sworn you on a pack of cards!"

Mr. Justice Hawkins: "Do you want to ask any more questions?"

Seaman: "No; he's the greatest liar I have ever had in front of me. He's a disgrace to the police force!"

A few minutes later the trial came to an end. Without leaving the box, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," and the judge, with but a word of comment on the terrible nature of the crime, passed sentence of death in the usual form. The last words of the solemn sentence, "And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul," sent a shiver through the listeners, but immediately Seaman broke the silence with:

"Well, I hope the Lord will have more mercy on my soul than I have had on my body. I have not had much mercy on that."

With this Seaman was helped from the dock, to spend his last few days on earth in the condemned cell.

The doomed man, after being pinioned in the manner described on page 242, walked steadily to the scaffold, praying fervently aloud for forgiveness for the crime for which a few minutes later he was launched into eternity.

White Lies.

IT is the opinion of many learned and even religious men that, in some cases, it may not only be lawful but commendable to tell a lie; as, for instance, where it may tend to the preservation of one's own life or that of another, when it is sought to be taken away without any just cause.

"The Man of Blood."

How Thomas Simmons, a monster in human guise, committed wholesale murder in 1807, from motives of spite and revenge.

"No beast but knows some touch of pity.
* * * * * *
But I know none, and therefore am no beast."
—SHAKESPEARE, "King Richard III."

WHOLESALE murder, of the types which the horrible atrocities associated with the name of John Jones, of Gleeson Wilson, of John Williams, of Garcia, and of Troppmann have made familiar to us, was almost if not absolutely unheard of in this country up to the autumn of 1807. There had existed many terrible murderers up to that time, but they had not had opportunity or inclination to exterminate whole families, and on a whole their crimes were of a less diabolical character than those of the nineteenth century. The spread of education, so far from ridding the world of the brutal, unreasoning miscreant, has rather brought about his increase, for he is able now, with the advance of civilisation, to take greater precautions for his safety. He imagines now that he can indulge his lawless passions with a greater chance of escape and better prospects of impunity than in the old days, when robbery was not often accompanied by murder, nor murder by mutilation and dismemberment. A careful scrutiny of the criminal records of the past proves that frenzy arising from sudden anger or jealousy was the chief cause of the principal murders during the eighteenth century, but much more insidious motives prevailed during the last hundred years, when dreadful crimes were perpetrated for purposes of plunder, or through the sheer lust of slaughter.

Thomas Simmons, who became universally known as "The Man of Blood," was the first of a long list of wholesale murderers, and he was regarded at the time of his trial and execution as an exceptional being whose villainy had never before been equalled, and was not likely ever to be surpassed.

This monster was the son of poor parents, but being thought to be a likely lad, he was taken into the service of a Mr. Boreham, who lived at Hoddesdon, in the county of Hertford, at an early period of his life. He remained with this family for several years, but his conduct did not give satisfaction to his benefactors, and they began to regret that they had introduced him to their home. On reaching the age of nineteen, Thomas Simmons was reluctantly discharged by his employers on account of the brutal ferocity of disposition which he had displayed on various occasions. He had, it appears, paid his addresses to Elizabeth Harris, servant to Mr. and Mrs. Boreham, although that person was many years older than he; but she was advised by her mistress to have nothing to do with Simmons, who, if all accounts be correct, had a countenance only a trifle less brutal than his disposition.

The young ruffian was enraged at the rebuffs he received at the hands of the servant Harris, which he attributed to the influence of her kind master and mistress, the latter in particular, against whom he swore all kinds of vengeance. He made no disguise of his avowed determination to be revenged, and brooded long over various stratagems, all directed against the peace of the Boreham family, before he put his final plans into execution. At first he thought of murdering Elizabeth Harris only, in order to prevent the marriage of that—more or less—fascinating female with someone else; but such a programme was not half exciting enough for Mr. Simmons, who would not be content with less than the sacrifice of the whole family. Mrs. Boreham, he thought, had maligned him to Elizabeth Harris, and had warned her against him; therefore Mrs. Boreham should die, and if a few others became victims at the same time, well, he —Thomas Simmons—could only be hanged once, however many he killed, and he could face death himself with calmness if only he could make sure of his revenge.

Thus argued this bloodthirsty young brute on the morning of October 20, 1807. He had hung about the Boreham establishment all day, and noted that his late employers had guests. The opportunity was a fitting one, and he meant to seize it. Arming himself with a large and recently sharpened knife, Simmons proceeded to the house at about four in the afternoon, at which time there were present on the premises Mr. and Mrs. Boreham, their four daughters—to whom Simmons was well known—a friend, Mrs. Hammerstone, and the servant Harris. Believing that such work as he had come upon was best fitted to the darkness of the night, this calculating assassin hung about in the fields close by until about nine at night, when he went to the back door and peremptorily and noisily demanded admittance. The servant declined to open the door or to parley with the intruder, and the dispute between them was conducted with such ferocity on the part of Simmons that the noise attracted the attention of the ladies in the parlour. They listened, and distinctly heard the domestic refuse admittance to Simmons, who at once plunged his hand, armed with his terrible knife, through the lattice window, and endeavoured to stab the girl, but without success. Mrs. Hammerstone on this went to the scullery, from which the noise proceeded, and opening the door, found that Simmons had penetrated through the farmyard, and was within the stone-yard. She opened the door with the intention of remonstrating with him, but the furious brute did not give her time to utter a word. He suddenly rushed at her, and with his knife stabbed her in the jugular artery, and pulling the knife forward, laid open her throat on the left side. She ran forward, as was supposed for the purpose of alarming the neighbourhood, but fell, and rose no more.

Rejoiced at the sight and smell of blood, and eager for fresh slaughter, the murderer charged into the house like an avenging fury through the door which his victim had incautiously left open. He rushed into the parlour, raised and brandished his weapon, all dripping with smoking blood, and swore a dreadful oath that "he would give it them all." Mrs. Warner, Mr. Boreham's eldest daughter, was the nearest

Raised and brandished his weapon.

person to him, and, without another word, or giving her time to rise from her chair, he gave her so many stabs in the jugular vein and about the neck and breasts—which he seemed particularly to aim at, that she fell from her seat, covered with streams of blood, and expired without a sigh or a groan. Shrieks of horror and fright from the petrified spectators of this awful tragedy rent the air, but nothing

could turn the villain from his purpose. Fortunately, Miss Anne Boreham had gone upstairs during the altercation between Simmons and Harris at the back door, and her sisters, Elizabeth and Sarah, terrified at the horrors they saw, and in deadly fear for their own lives, ran upstairs, too, for safety, and locked themselves in.

Baulked of part of his prey, the murderer looked about for other victims. At that moment the aged Mrs. Boreham, who had taken him in out of compassion ten years before, entered the apartment, attracted by the shrill screams of the other ladies. With an exultant cry, Simmons sprang towards her, making a deadly thrust at her throat, but in his aim for the jugular artery he missed this point, and wounded the old lady deep in the neck, though not mortally. She fell on her face, and the fiend thought that he had accomplished her death. During these awful happenings the servant Harris said, "Tom Simmons is murdering them all!" and fainted away. A crowd soon collected round the house, which was in a rather retired part of Hoddesdon, and, while some gave help to the wounded, others commenced a search for the inhuman murderer. They surrounded the entire dwelling and the farmyard hard by, and all means of retreat for the blood-stained wretch were then cut off. Nevertheless, the search was, for some time, without result.

Simmons, finding himself cut off from retreat, and having lost his knife, had betaken himself to a cow-crib in the farmyard, in which he lay concealed. His idea was that if he could escape observation for the time being, he might slip away in the darkness and under cover of the night after the crowd had dispersed. But his retreat was eventually discovered by the local constable, and, with shouts of joy, the infuriated villagers, exasperated at the meanness and fero-

THE MURDERS BY THOMAS SIMMONS.

had remained in the kitchen, unable from sheer fright to move away or to give the alarm. Mr. Boreham, who had hastily armed himself with a poker, descended the stairs, and hastened towards the kitchen, with the object, perhaps, of escaping the shambles from the back. The sight of his late master—aged and feeble—seemed to arouse in Simmons a fresh fury, and, with a cry like a wild beast, he hurried after him. By some means or other he contrived to overset him, and, his attention being then distracted by the screams of the servant, he turned his attention towards the latter, and thus Mr. Boreham's life was providentially saved. Simmons endeavoured to stab Harris in the throat in the "pig-sticking" style which he had adopted with his other victims; she struggled with him, caught at the knife, and was wounded severely in the hand and arm, and the weapon fell in the struggle. The brute then tried to choke her with his hands, but the girl, with a frantic effort, eluded his grasp, and, running into the street, by her screams and cries of "Murder" she alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Several persons at once came to her assistance, to whom she city of the crime, dragged him from the cow-crib and handed him over, with many cuffs and blows, to the police. He presented a shocking spectacle. His clothes were still wet with blood, his dress disordered, and his hair dishevelled. Nevertheless, he presented an unshaken front to the mob, and expressed no word of remorse or apology for his cowardly deed. He was so tightly bound to prevent escape that the circulation was almost stopped, and in the night death was near robbing Justice of her victim. In the early morning he was discovered unconscious, and the ligatures were loosed in time to preserve the life he had forfeited to the law.

In the meanwhile the doctors had been summoned to the house of mourning, and they at once pronounced Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Hammerstone to be dead; but careful attention effected a recovery in the cases of Mrs. Boreham and the servant, though both were in considerable danger for some days. Mr. Boreham was found lying on the ground, with a poker by his side, but, being afflicted with the palsy and being very aged, he had been unable to use it with any effect against his young and active adversary.

The above is a brief narrative of the startling 'Hoddesdon Horror," as it was called in the " Times " of the period. A coroner's inquest was subsequently held upon the bodies of the deceased persons, and a verdict of " Wilful murder " was returned against the prisoner, upon which he was committed to Hertford Gaol to await his trial, in connection with which a curious and almost unprecedented feature arose. Mr. Boreham was, by religious conviction, a Quaker, and he refused, on that score, to prosecute in the case of his daughter, Mrs. Warner; but an indictment was preferred in the case of Mrs. Hammerstone, upon which Simmons was arraigned at the Hertford Assizes on March 4, 1808. The above facts having been proved in evidence, no other verdict but one of " Guilty " could be expected, but the statement of Elizabeth Harris may here be quoted as having a great bearing on the whole case.

This witness swore that she had been in the service of Mr. Boreham for four years at the time of this occurrence and that the prisoner had quitted the same employment at the previous Michaelmas. On being asked if Simons had not expressed some strong inclination to marry her, she answered that he had, but that her mistress disapproved of it, and that he had quarrelled with the latter on that account before he left the service. He was so enraged, also, with the witness as to beat her, and declared that he did not care if he killed her. He had often said that he would make away with her if she did not marry him. She then added that the murder was effected about half-past eight in the evening—my information has always been to the effect that it was later than this—that she first heard him coming along the yard towards the house, at which time she was in the kitchen; that she heard him using the most horrible language, and that she requested him not to make a noise or disturbance, as there was company in the house, but he replied " he cared nothing for the company, as he could do for them all." The witness then ran into the washhouse and shut the door, when he struck at her through the lattice. At this time, the noise being very considerable, Mr. Hammerstone opened the door and came into the yard telling him to go away, when he struck her on the head with his fist and knocked off her bonnet. She then ran back into the house and was pursued by the prisoner. The witness heard the shrieks of murder, but could not tell from whom they came, as all the family were in the parlour, and she did not know which of them cried out. The witness then added that the prisoner very soon approached the washhouse, when she again shut the door and cried out " Murder! " She saw some person lying under the window, but was too frightened to see who it was. She ran away down the passage, followed by the prisoner, where she met her master, a very feeble old man, with a poker in his hand, who was knocked down in running hastily. Being seized by the prisoner, the witness was thrown down, when he drew a knife across her throat, her hand, in attempting to guard it, being much cut, and in his second attempt she wrested it away from him, whereupon he ran away, and she saw no more of him. In his attempts to murder the witness he threw her across the body of Mrs. Warner, who was then lying dead. Whilst this witness was giving her evidence her agitation was so great that she was obliged to be supported during the whole time she was in court.

Thomas Copperthwaite declared that he went, with others, in search of the murderer, and discovered Simmons concealed under some straw in a crib in the farmyard; he was wearing a smock frock which was all over blood. The place where he was found was about a hundred yards from the house.

The coroner, Benjamin Rook, Esq., was also called and sworn, and he stated that when the testimony of Elizabeth Harris, at the time of the inquest, was read to the prisoner, the latter said it was very true; that he had murdered them and no one else; that it was not his intention to have slain Mrs. Hammerstone, but that he went to the house with a full design to murder Mrs. Boreham, Mrs. Warner, and the servant Harris.

The constable under whose custody he was conveyed to Hertford Gaol, on being sworn, deposed to the same effect, with this additional circumstance acknowledged to him by the prisoner, that after he had thrown the servant down he heard something fluttering over his shoulders, which made him get up and run away. This remark might presuppose some taint of insanity in this monster; but as a matter of fact he was perfectly sane, though superstitious and intensely ignorant and vulgar.

Asked if he had anything to say in his defence, the prisoner merely answered " No " in the most careless and indifferent manner. The judge—it was Mr. Justice Heath—summed up very briefly, and the jury almost instantly returned a verdict of Guilty.

Simmons was hanged at Hertford on the 7th of March, 1808, before an immense concourse of people. His demeanour in prison was reckless and defiant, and he seemed rather to glory in his ill-deeds than to be affected in any way by the horrible nature of his crime and the nature of the punishment. He who had distributed death so wantonly had, apparently, no dread of the ordeal himself. " The Man of Blood " went to his shameful death quite calmly and unmoved. He expressed no regrets and exhibited no misgivings as to his future state.

Criminal Lunatics - - at Large.

IT would be difficult to compute the number of criminal lunatics who walk daily in our midst —lunatics who have been convicted of crime and released as cured. According to a statement made by Mr. G. R. Sims, who has made the subject a special study, " Jack the Ripper " was confined on at least two occasions in an asylum, and, upon showing signs of complete recovery from his mental trouble, let loose upon society to gratify his hideous lust for the blood of immoral women. It is more than probable that if this demented demon had not in a moment of suicidal frenzy thrown himself into the Thames, and perished in its waters, he might have gone on being detained and liberated in the intervals between his ghastly murders.

Among the medical acquaintances of the writer was a brilliant young surgeon, who, whilst performing a certain operation upon one of London's many fallen women, became inoculated, through a scratch on his finger, with the loathsome virus. He had been married only a year at the time of the mishap to a most beautiful woman. Hardly another year had elapsed before he developed into a raving lunatic. The curses which he heaped upon the sex and the oaths of revenge which he uttered were terrible to listen to. The closest watch was kept upon him at all times. Twice or thrice he appeared to have returned to sanity, and was restored to his relatives and friends, only to be taken back to the asylum where he was cared for, until one fateful day when he leaped from a window incautiously left open, and ended a career which had been blasted so miserably on its very threshold. It is within the knowledge of the writer that when the earlier " Ripper " murders were a-doing this brilliant young surgeon's friends were fearful as to the identity of the bloodthirsty culprit.

We have it on the authority of Mr. G. R. Sims that no woman who has been convicted to Broadmoor for infanticide has ever been released from that criminal institution until a certain period of her life has passed, even though she be quite sane. In contrast with this wise and humane treatment of homicidal maniacs, he tells us of an instance in which a mother was seized with puerperal fever on the birth of her first child, and incontinently killed her offspring. She was confined in the county asylum. She rapidly recovered her reason, and at the request of her husband was allowed to return to her home. On the arrival of a second child the same thing happened. She was conveyed to the asylum once more, and once more was permitted to return to her husband. A third child was born, and, says Mr. Sims, she killed that. What her final fate was we do not know; but certain it is that somebody was guilty of criminal neglect of duty in allowing this demented woman to remain free at the critical period of child-birth.

It is undoubtedly true that young mothers and fathers are constantly discharged without any safeguard as to their future careers. The course pursued in most asylums is this: As soon as a patient becomes so far sane that the medical officer in charge of the case cannot certify that the patient is suffering from " delusions," he or she is forthwith let loose to prey upon the community. Mr. Sims rightly declares that it is positively appalling to reflect that a considerable proportion of the population are lunatics—and many of them with homicidal tendencies—at large.

Horn Music.

A SPECIES of horn-music peculiar to Russia was invented by Prince Gallitzin in the year 1762. The instrument consists of forty persons, whose life is spent in blowing one note. The instrument used is exactly like a hearing-trumpet, and requires an enormous amount of lung-power.

A SERVANT GIRL'S FATE.

Miss Anna Maria Martin Murders Eliza Barlow.

LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY ENACTED BY A LUNATIC IN LAMBETH.

"And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Hamlet."

JUST twenty-four years ago, there resided at No. 7, York Road, Lambeth, an old lady, whose eccentric habits were the talk of all the neighbours. She was a strange, but apparently harmless, being, who was looked upon more with pity than with anger by all who knew her. Apparently in comfortable circumstances, she rented the house, and had to live with her a young girl as maid-of-all-work, whose only duties were to run errands, help in the housework, and attend to the lodgers when the two furnished rooms which the old lady had to spare were occupied. This was rarely the case, as few cared to remain in the apartments on account of the peculiarities of the mistress of the house.

Miss Anna Maria Martin (for that was the old maiden lady's name), although no relation to the heroine of the "Murder in the Red Barn" that created such excitement many years ago, was destined to play a part in a tragedy which was to make the good people of Lambeth greatly excited, and, if not quite so romantic as the other Maria Martin's story, it excited Lambeth, and at the time horrified the whole of the Metropolis.

It was Thursday, June 24, 1880, and a typical midsummer day. At the corner of York Road were the usual loungers (with the unmistakable cut of the music hall and the circus about their costumes and clean-shaven "jibs") hanging about waiting for a job, and comparing notes as to their past tours, many of them apparently "without the price of a drink," and there only for the purpose of "pulling the ears" (metaphorically speaking) of their less impecunious brother professionals. The cabs came in a continuous stream over Waterloo Bridge, for the season had long since commenced, and families were off to the seaside on pleasure bent, so York Road and the approach to the railway station presented animated scenes. At the house No. 7 all was quiet, neither mistress, servant, nor lodger had been seen since the previous Monday, but there was nothing in that to call for particular attention, as sometimes Miss Martin would not cross the threshold of her door for weeks, and the little servant girl, who, by the bye, was named Eliza Barlow, was subject to fits, and consequently compelled to remain in the house for days together, and although gossip said that the eccentric old lady of No. 7 had got another lodger, it surprised nobody to find that she did not make her appearance, for, as we have stated, Miss Martin's rooms were occupied to-day and "to let" to-morrow. The only matter which called for slight attention were the blinds pulled down as carefully at every window as if it were a house of mourning, and the fact that the morning's milk remained in precisely the same place as where the man had put it early in the morning.

Not even these facts excited much curiosity amongst the neighbours, and nobody would have remarked these unusual appearances had not Mr. George Martin, who resided at 20, Prince's Buildings, called upon his sister to inquire after her health, as she had been a good deal ailing during the past few months, and received the attention of the doctor, who had on more than one occasion hinted that the brain was softening, and that he should never be surprised if he found it necessary to send his patient to an asylum.

Mr. Martin naturally with some misgivings knocked at the door, but was soon relieved to hear footsteps in the passage which he immediately recognised as those of his sister. Then the door was cautiously opened on the chain. "Who are you? What do you want?" demanded Miss Martin, in a strange, hollow voice.

"I'm your brother George, Anna; let me in," said the man persuasively.

"Go away—go away; I don't want people worrying me here. You're up to no good. You're in league with the rest of them. I tell you I will not open the door to anybody," and she was about to close the door, and would have done so had not her brother prevented her by placing his foot in the opening.

"Why, Anna, here is your milk still upon the step. Let me bring it in for you. Besides, I have something to talk to you about of very great importance. Now, let me in, there's a dear."

But Miss Martin was not to be persuaded. She reached out her hand, demanding the milk, and repeating that she would be disturbed by nobody. Her brother, who was by this time getting somewhat anxious about the woman's mind, made one more appeal, and, being again refused admittance, said to his sister, "Very well, then, Anna, I shall at once go to Dr. Pyewell and bring him back with me, when you will be compelled to open the door to him."

"I tell you I'll open the door to nobody!" shrieked the old lady, and Mr. Martin, having removed his foot, the door was shut to with a bang, and the disconsolate—not to say alarmed—brother made off post-haste to the medical man, who resided in the Westminster Bridge Road.

And now, whilst Mr. Martin has gone for the doctor, let us enter the premises of No. 7, York Road. It is Wednesday evening, and Miss Elizabeth Knowles, who occupies the upstairs room, is preparing to go out as usual, when the landlady enters her apartment. The woman looks strange and seems in great trouble, for she has been crying. Taking a seat, she says, "Oh, Miss Knowles, pray do not go out this evening! Do you know, I am sadly distressed and cannot bear to be left with Eliza by myself. She has had another fit, and I have been attending to her all the afternoon. I am that worried, too, that I scarcely know which way to turn. You will stop with me to-night, won't you?"

So imploring were the tones of the distressed lady, and so upset did she appear to be, that Miss Knowles acceded to her request, removed her hat, and the two women had tea together, Miss Martin laying for the two in the lodger's apartment and evincing great relief in the knowledge that she was not to be left. They sat and conversed over their cups of tea, and the old lady became quite communicative to her new lodger, for Miss Knowles had been with her but a very short time. She told her about her financial troubles, although there appeared little evidence of them to strangers, for Miss Martin seemed never short of money, dressed well, and even wore her diamonds. But she told her companion that she was on the verge of ruination, that the following day would be that upon which her quarter's rent would have to be paid, and that she had not a penny towards it.

"If I open the door to-morrow," she observed, in a confidential whisper, "the broker's man will enter and I shall have all my goods taken away. The door must be kept closed, my dear. To-morrow you must not go out. They will surely be on the alert, and will seize everything. Now, you won't leave me to-morrow, will you, dear?"

And to pacify the old lady, who seemed so distressed, Miss Knowles promised, as she had no business to claim her attention, that she would remain at home. Little did she know that by her kindness she was gratifying a mind diseased and had removed the last impediment which occupied the thoughts of Miss Martin—the fear of being alone after committing the deed which she had determined upon.

With a profusion of thanks to Miss Knowles for her promise to remain in during the whole of the following day, she descended with quite a cheerful expression upon her

face to the basement. There was Eliza Barlow. Not a sign of fits about the poor little girl, for she was hard at work in the scullery, mending a mattress which had been brought down from her bedroom. For three days she had never been outside the house, by her mistress's orders. Certainly the girl must have thought it strange; but, then, she was so accustomed to Miss Martin's eccentricities that she took no notice. Although somewhat alarmed at her behaviour at times, she dreaded the loss of her situation, for she had nobody in the world to care for her, being absolutely dependent upon her own exertions. Her father was a gold-beater, but little Eliza never saw him, and the only relation to whom she could appeal was her uncle who lived in Prince's Buildings, and she had not seen him for nearly a year. So the poor girl drudged on at No. 7, and made the best of what was by no means an enviable situation.

Miss Martin looked in at the girl who was seated upon the floor with her little fingers straining the thick needle through the heavy bed tick, for she was a delicate girl—almost a child—being only fourteen years of age. She took a glance at her mistress, who said never a word; but there was an expression upon her countenance that to a keen observer would have spoken volumes. It would have needed no expert to tell that the woman was mad. Her colour was heightened, and there was that strange piercing brightness about the eyes that belongs alone to the lunatic.

Stealthily going to the kitchen table drawer, she took from it a carving-knife, that had evidently been sharpened for a purpose and placed there to hand, for the woman ran her thumb lightly over the razor-like blade with satisfaction, and an ominous grin spread over her countenance. Taking the knife and secreting it under her apron, she went to the coal cellar and rumbled about in the fuel, but there were no fires in the house, so it was not for that she went. It was for the heavy coal-hammer. Having discovered it, the woman, who at this stage had a fiendish glare in her eyes, entered the washhouse quickly. The girl's back was towards her, and she was ignorant of her approach.

A dull thud was heard as the hammer fell with tremendous force upon the side of the poor child's head, and, without a cry or a groan, little Eliza Barlow fell forward upon the mattress, stunned to death. Throwing away the hammer, Anna Martin turned the bleeding, unconscious girl over upon her back, and with tremendous force drew the carving knife across the throat. There was a great gush of blood which spirted all over the woman's face and hands, and which gave her a terrible appearance. Regardless of the shocking scene before her, and more than ever excited by what she had already achieved, she made another cut with the dripping knife at the girl's throat, and the head rolled away from the trunk upon the kitchen floor, and the madwoman gave a low, unearthly laugh.

As if every action had been carefully rehearsed and long premeditated, the murderess then, with great dexterity, commenced undressing the corpse. Where the strings of the linen and petticoats would not untie quickly, she severed them with the bloody knife, besmearing her hands afresh, and looking like a careless butcher who had had a hard day's work in the shambles. At length the poor child's body was in a perfect state of nudity—a ghastly spectacle, the ivory whiteness of the skin imprinted with great bloody hand-marks.

Ready to hand was a deal box, evidently prepared for the occasion. The capacity was only 2ft. 2in. long, 15½in. wide, and 13½in. deep, but it was large enough to contain the corpse of the fragile girl who had been so cruelly done to death. With astounding method in her madness, Anna Martin—naturally a powerful woman, but now endowed with masculine strength—doubled up the limbs of her victim and forced them and the body into the box, pressing them down with her knee, and causing the blood to ooze afresh from the arteries where the head had been severed. Then taking the poor head, that looked like a wax model, save for the blood marks and its dripping, matted hair, she squeezed it in between the legs. Then throwing the stained clothes belonging to the girl over the whole, the maniac rolled up the saturated bed and coolly walked to the sink to remove the fast-congealing gory matter from her hands.

The fit was over, but the reason had not returned. Yet there still seemed that unaccountable caution which accompanies the acts of a lunatic so often, and Anna Martin acted in many ways like a perfectly sane person. She changed the whole of her clothes, and removed all traces of blood from her hands and face, and, but for the horrible state of the death-chamber, nobody would have believed on entering the house that such a deed had been enacted. The murderess

SHE ENTERED THE WASHHOUSE QUICKLY.

actually went up to her lodger before retiring to bed, and appeared quite cheerful, kissing her, bidding her "Good night," and reminding her of the promise which she had given earlier in the evening.

Then, retiring to her bedroom, Anna Martin was alone, perhaps with what little reason left, planning the means of how to dispose of the body on the morrow. Taking Miss Knowles's breakfast up to her, the wretched woman appeared quite cheerful, and her lodger could suspect nothing. When the brother's knock came, to which we have already referred, Miss Martin informed her that the bailiffs had been, but she had refused them admittance, and that it was more important than ever that the door should be kept closed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a loud knocking was heard—so loud, indeed, that it quite startled the lady lodger. "Stay where you are," said Miss Martin quickly. "I'll attend to them. They shall not enter this house!" And she made her way hastily downstairs, and, after repeated knockings, again opened the door upon the chain.

It was Dr. Pyewell's voice that the unfortunate woman heard this time, and for the first time since the murderous act a shudder went through her frame. She dreaded that her medical man would read her mind—yet she never thought nor cared about the evidence which was so overwhelming in the kitchen below.

But she refused to open the door, and her brother called a policeman with the object of forcing an entrance. Again her doctor appealed to her, and at length she gave way, and they were allowed to enter. Immediately, however, she discerned her brother and the constable, she became frantic.

"Yes, there is no question about it," observed Dr. Pyewell, "your sister is a raving lunatic. She must be placed under control at once."

But this was easier said than done, for she flew at the constable and set up such a shrieking that the whole neighbourhood was alarmed. Another constable was fetched into the house, and considerable force had to be employed to control the woman. Miss Knowles, of course, was on the scene, and then came the question as to the whereabouts of the servant girl Eliza Barlow.

The brother and the doctor made a search, the last room being that of the scullery, and there they had the ghastly scene of the tragedy revealed. A superficial examination of the remains was made by Dr. Pyewell, and he found that rigidity had scarcely set in, the massing together of the flesh in the small compass having caused warmth to remain for an unusual period, and he came to the conclusion that the girl must have lived within sixteen hours of the discovery.

During the absence of her brother from the parlour, Miss Martin behaved in a frantic manner, and her piercing shrieks whilst force was used to hold her down were dreadful, causing a tremendous sensation in the neighbourhood as the news of the murder became rapidly spread. As quickly as possible the raving woman was taken to the Kennington police station, and charged before Inspector Green, and on the following day brought before the magistrate, when Mr. Pollard, who appeared for the Treasury, asked for a remand, Mr. Beard, who appeared for the prisoner, requesting that a diamond ring and five pounds found upon her should be restored for the purpose of her defence.

Upon Miss Martin's second appearance in the police court, Dr. Carpenter's opinion as to the woman's state of mind during her stay in the House of Detention was given, which was practically a certificate of insanity. She was then formally committed to take her trial.

At the Central Criminal Court, Anna Maria Martin, aged 56, was indicted for the wilful murder of Eliza Barlow, servant girl. Mr. Poland and Mr. Montagu Williams were retained for the prosecution, and Mr. Charles Mathews was for the defence. The case was heard before Mr. Justice Hawkins, on August 4, 1880, and the prisoner's counsel asserted that the woman was not in a fit state to plead.

Dr. Rowland Gibson, surgeon of Newgate, who had watched the unfortunate creature from July 9, declared it to be his opinion that Anna Maria Martin was not only insane, but so insane that she was quite unable to plead, and that she did not possess sufficient understanding to defend herself.

Consequently, the prisoner was ordered to be detained until Her Majesty's pleasure should be known.

Knew the Cost.

MAGISTRATE: "Were you ever arrested before?"
Prisoner: "Once before, your honour."
Magistrate: "What was the charge?"
Prisoner: "Ten shillings and costs."

Famous Feminine Nihilists.

SURPRISE has been expressed in various quarters that the members of the secret societies with which Russia is seamed have not taken greater advantage of her preoccupation with the Japanese to carry out their Nihilistic schemes. It has been more than once predicted that as soon as the Czar found his hands full in dealing with an external foe, the Anarchists would proceed with the social revolution which they were said to have completely organised. This prophecy was indulged in with all the greater confidence, because the most active of these firebrands are women, who would not be called upon to fight their country's battles in the tented field.

Hitherto, however, small advantage has been taken of Russia's danger by the sworn enemies of the existing state of things within the dominions of the Great White Czar. Can it be that Vera Zassulitch and Sophia Perovskaya have left no successors in crime, or has a wave of patriotism submerged the internecine enmity? Anyhow, the fact remains that Muscovy is undisturbed by the machinations of internal foes—comparatively speaking, we mean.

Vera Zassulitch was, if she be not still, one of the most remarkable figures among the most daring of the anarchical upheaval. Like most of her sister-revolutionaries, she was a woman of considerable education and refinement. Indeed, it is noteworthy that the feminine Nihilists are, almost without exception, well-born women of the highest culture which Russia can afford. In the year 1878 Vera assassinated General Trepoff, the Chief of Police in St. Petersburg, in revenge for the ferocious treatment meted out to one Begoliandoff, a Nihilistic friend. She was arrested and put upon her trial, but, for some inexplicable reason, she was acquitted and set free.

Perhaps the greatest Anarchist of them all was Sophia Perovskaya. This dangerously-daring woman was the daughter of the ex-Governor of St. Petersburg. She was one of six revolutionaries executed for the assassination of the Czar, Alexander II., in the year 1881. The "Little Father" had already escaped from two desperate attempts to blow him to atoms, only to fall a victim to the plans organised by Sophia.

A few days before the plot was matured, Dshelaboff, the chief male conspirator, was arrested and thrown into prison. This man was the heart and soul of the conspiracy to assassinate the ruler over All the Russias. He had planned the ways and means, and was to superintend the commission of the crime in person. The interruption did not dismay Sophia Perovskaya. She stepped into the deadly imminent breach without hesitation and without fear. She took charge of the whole of the arrangements, and made special provision for the Czar's altering the plans laid out for the line of route. At the very last moment that line was actually changed; but Sophia was prepared for this variation of the imperial programme. She was awaiting, with her lieutenants in crime, the oncoming sleigh of the doomed Czar. The bombs had been brought from the houses of Navorotsky and Hess Helfmann. Perovskaya was calmly walking up and down the quay along which the imperial cortège was to pass. She at once gave the signal, and witnessed the foul murder of the ill-starred Romanoff, Alexander II.

Sophia was saturated with Socialistic ideas. Her earliest reading consisted for the most part of the works of Marx, Lassalle, Buckle, John Stuart Mill, and kindred authors. She exiled herself from the aristocratic circle in which she was born, and threw in her lot once and for ever with the masses. She donned the plebeian garb, and consorted with the riff-raff of the Russian capital. Their joys—few though they

were—were hers. Their sorrows—and they were plentiful—she shared to the uttermost. Her fellow-conspirators were not bound by any oath. No man or woman was admitted to her comradeship about whose firmness of purpose there was the smallest doubt; but, once enrolled, there was no escape from the dread consequences of the conspiracy.

This Sophia Perovskaya, as one says who knows his Russia, vast subject though it is, from Alpha to Omega, supplies the type of the female Anarchist in that country. There have been many others, both before and after her, but she was the most perfect exemplar of her class. There are many women to be found in Anarchist circles among the residuum of the party. They hang on to it as a sort of fringe. But they possess no enthusiasm, no devotion, no love of martyrdom. The genuine female Anarchist—and Sophia Perovskaya was the most genuine among the genuine—is characterised by all these attributes, and is, therefore, a standing menace to the powers that be in Russia.

The Prosecutor's Plea.

In the year 1794 the county of York was deeply interested in the trial of the father of a large family, who, when living in the greatest respectability, was accused of highway robbery. The trial took place at York Castle; the prosecutor was a youth of about twenty years of age, the son of a banker, and the prisoner a stout, athletic man of fifty. The prosecutor had transacted his business as usual in the market town; he had received several sums of money in the presence of the prisoner, had dined, and at about five o'clock had set out on his return home. It was a fine summer evening, and he rode gently on. In a solitary lane he was overtaken by the prisoner, who seized him and demanded his pocket-book; in the first agony of surprise and fear, the prosecutor struck him a violent blow with his whip, but the prisoner, who was a very powerful man, dragged him from his horse, knelt down upon him, and took from him his money and account-books. In this situation the prosecutor begged very earnestly for his life. As he lay under the prisoner he watched his countenance, and saw that he was much agitated. The robber desisted, arose, mounted his horse, and rode away. It was then about seven o'clock in the evening, but the young man was so much exhausted that he did not reach home till late at night. He immediately stated these circumstances; but the improbability of his having been robbed in open daylight, on a public road, and of his having lost various memoranda, which a robber would scarcely have taken, excited some suspicion respecting the truth of his assertions.

As the jury were leaving the box the young man who had been robbed begged to be heard. He was so much agitated that he could scarcely speak; when he recovered himself he said: "I stand here to plead for your mercy towards a man who listened to my voice when I begged for mercy from him. If he had been deaf to my cries I should now have been in my grave, and he in the bosom of a respectable family, with a wife who believed him virtuous and the children who loved him. It has been proved to you that his connections, his character, his religious persuasion, would have all been united to shelter him from suspicion; it has been proved that I was lame from my birth, that I am feeble, that I had exasperated him by a blow, and that he knew that I could identify him; but the kindness of his nature preponderated, it overcame the fear of disgrace, and he suffered me to depart, although I might be the cause of his death. If you do not pity his momentary lapse, if you do not respect his return to virtue, it would have been well for me if I had died. It is me that you will condemn; I shall be the victim of the law, and he gave me my life in vain." He was frequently interrupted during this affecting appeal by the tears of the jury and the general distress of the court, but, notwithstanding the general sympathy felt and shown for the accused, he was condemned and executed.

A Queer Claimant.

A man named Edward Green was sentenced to be hanged in chains, in the year 1765, and he had been so notorious that the country people all believed that his body would be carried off by the very devil himself. The day after the execution, strange to say, the body had disappeared, and then, in eight days more, there it was again, looking as if newly dead. What had happened in the meantime was this: On the night of the execution a farmer and his son were returning home, and on passing the gibbet fancied they heard the corpse groaning and feebly calling for help. They stopped, examined, and rescued the body, carried it home, and by careful nursing the fellow revived. He was well treated, till, in the middle of one night, on hearing a noise, the farmer rose, and discovered the base villain packing up all the portable articles of value in the house and preparing to decamp. The farmer was just in time to awake his son, when they secured their guest, and considered it their duty to restore him to the place whence they took him, and with the chains just as they found them well round his body.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Never Christened.

At an Old Bailey sessions in 1788 a learned counsel thus examined a witness:

"What are you?"

"A Jew."

"Well, what is your Christian name?"

"I never was christened, my lord, but my name is Moses Levi."

Not in a Position to Attend.

A very notorious murderer, whose truly terrific series of butcheries shocked and alarmed this country nearly a century ago, remarked, when "remanded till next Tuesday" by the magistrates at an East-end police-court, "I am afraid that I shall not be in a position to attend."

Little notice was taken at the time of these very suggestive words, but before the Tuesday came round the prisoner committed suicide by hanging himself with his braces in the cell in which he was confined.

Russia Under Peter the Great.

In the year 1718, Peter the Great assembled a grand council, in order to state to them a new project of internal government. When they were met, he first reminded them of the duty of all monarchs to protect their people from foreign assaults, to preserve peace, order, and quiet at home, and to execute justice alike against the prince, the peer, and the peasant. He added that he then found it necessary to turn his attention towards repressing and correcting the abuses of power and authority of some of his governors of the provinces, and of the lieutenants under them, who he found had been guilty of oppression and peculation, and had enriched themselves at the expense of the people. The Emperor then announced that he had established a tribunal of justice for the inquiry into and the redressing of all abuses, and that he had appointed as president the most honest of his councillors.

Among those brought before this new council, or Chamber of Justice, were Princes Menzikoff and Dolgourocki, the Grand Admiral, and other minor offenders. The court in its inquiries spared neither rank nor influence, and brought before its bar Baron Schafiroff, the Vice-Chancellor, the favourite of the Emperor, and his Prime Minister. The baron was convicted on several charges, one of which was for raising the rates of postage and keeping the advance for himself, and another for giving his brother a lucrative situation unknown to the Emperor or to the Senate.

The baron was condemned to death. When the day of execution came, the people were summoned by sound of trumpet; he was led to the public place and his sentence read to him, but when his head was laid upon the block and the axe raised over him a herald proclaimed the mercy of the Emperor in changing the sentence of death for perpetual banishment to Siberia, with the confiscation of all his property.

This severity had, however, a good effect in rendering the administration less corrupt, and even at the present day another Peter the Great might work wonders for the mighty Russia, which as a nation has undoubtedly a big future before it. But although all European nations know this fact, they also realise that reforms must come before long, and possibly the advent of another Peter the Great as the White Czar might be the means of establishing a better system of government and the eternal destruction of official corruption in a great European nation, which has up to now never had a chance of showing itself in its true colours.

Replies to Queries

Brighton.—The notorious Rottingdean Murder took place in 1831.

M.D.—There is no case on record in which extract from the Lily of the Valley (Convallarin), has been used criminally, though, as you know, it is a deadly poison.

W. B. T. (Bradford).—Barlow and Dalgleish were hanged together at Horsemonger Lane Gaol on December 19, 1876, but they did not suffer for the same murder.

Longshore.—If you had carefully read your Famous Crimes you would have known that Captain Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock. He went to the scaffold when drunk.

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